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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

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THE BUZZARD IN DOVE'S PLUMES.

HOW GRADUATES IN VICE MASQUERADE AS SCHOOL-GIRLS AND SNARE UNWARY MEN WITH ARTS BORROWED FROM INNOCENT CHILDHOOD; NEW YORK CITY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

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THERE IS NO OTHER!

Care should be taken not to confound the *POLICE GAZETTE* with any other illustrated publication. Ask for the

POLICE GAZETTE OF NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 WILLIAM STREET,
NEW YORK.

It is in no spirit of boastfulness that we write, apropos of the last issue of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, that it was pre-eminently the most splendid number of any sporting journal ever published anywhere. We simply repeat a verdict which is coming in to us from all sides. The expenses of the *POLICE GAZETTE* for literary and artistic work in connection with the great fight out of which John L. Sullivan came victor, exceeded, for that number alone, those of any other illustrated newspaper in America for a month. Yet, with a complete pictorial and literary history of the great event such as no other daily or weekly afforded, none of the many departments of the paper was neglected. The magnificent eight-page supplement, adding four pages of illustrations to the usual number, rendered it possible for us to preserve all the important regular features of the *POLICE GAZETTE* in their integrity while doing ample justice to the event of the hour. With 14 pages of pictures and 10 of solid reading matter, the chief sporting newspaper of the world well deserved the substantial endorsement of its merit which the public extended in demanding an edition of 300,000 copies from presses which were kept running night and day.

CHASE, the professor of a young girls' school in Pennsylvania, whose recent arrest and trial in New York on a charge of bigamy was reported in these columns, has been sent to State prison for three years and six months. Now there is to be a movement against the New York lawyers who got him the bogus divorce from his first wife.

THE trials of the Ashland, Ky., murderers have resulted in their separate conviction of murder. Hanging is too good for that villainous trio, who are still guarded by soldiers to keep off the incensed citizens who have theories of a more terrible form of punishment.

AN unknown has been entered as the *POLICE GAZETTE* champion in the Bowell six-days' go-as-you-please race. He will not be in the rear at the finish, and that is as far as prophecy should go in this age of progress and surprises.

THE comic opera company has become a drug in the country and troops of tenors will enjoy the fine spring weather in walking home from remote places where art does not flourish.

THE country is still excited over the prize fight, and all the church deacons are still talking knowingly of "slugging" and punching of heads. Great is the influence of the *POLICE GAZETTE*!

THE great prize fight gave Guiteau "a black eye" as an object of interest.

BOSTON has another boast to add to her many. She has succeeded in "putting a head on" New York, through the muscle and valor of her "strong boy."

A BENEFIT to be gotten up and contributed to by the *POLICE GAZETTE* for poor Johnny Dwyer, the ex-champion, who is in ill-health in Florida, is on the tapis.

WOULD it be impertinent to ask what has become of the Brooklyn theatre fire sufferers' fund? And would it be saucy to inquire who has the money and who gets the interest?

OUTRAGES on women and children are becoming more frequent in the west, notwithstanding the earnest work Judge Lynch has lately been doing with that class of offenders.

SULLIVAN, being now the champion of America, will hardly find a match on the other side of the water eager to enter the ring with him. He is undoubtedly the champion of the world.

THE bandit Jessie James is boldly showing himself in western towns—notably in Denver, Col., last week, where he had a reporter interview him and then "skipped." If that isn't cool "cheek," what is it?

INCENDIARIES are raiding the Texas railroad lines, burning down station buildings and making sad havoc with the dividends. Large rewards are offered for the detection of the fire bugs, but without avail.

THE *POLICE GAZETTE* is making its influence felt in earnest. Through it the great prize fight loomed up into national importance. Now it is going to take hold of the walking match and revive interest in that species of sport.

MRS. GENERAL DORRIS, of St. Louis, the sexagenarian who was lately murdered by her reprobate grandson, was very rich. She enjoyed the distinction of being the only woman who was engaged in the slave trade during "the good old times" before the war.

INSPECTOR BYRNE, of New York, gave the \$500 reward offered for the arrest of the murderers of the Frenchman Hanier, to the wife of the murdered man, and the French citizens of the metropolis are looking about for some means of honoring him in return; but he modestly declines to accept any testimonial whatever.

THE country is full of women who have romantic stories of their wrongs at the hands of cruel men to pour into the ears of reporters. And the reporters take them all in, though sometimes they are taken in themselves. We present the portrait of one of these wallers in this week's issue, and give the story she tells for what it is worth.

THE circulation of the grand double number of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, giving accurate illustrations and a full history of the Ryan-Sullivan prize fight for the championship of the world, exceeded all anticipations. No journal in the world, daily or weekly, has ever equalled it. The boasted circulation attained by *Le Petit Journal* of Paris, some years back, has been exceeded, and as for papers on this side of the water they have been thrown far in the shade in comparison with the *POLICE GAZETTE*. Over 300,000 copies were sold last week, and yet we could not fill the demand with all our facilities.

THE young man, Morris Simon, a merchant of Chicago, who was cowhided by Miss Celia Bellman, had aroused the lady's ire by spreading a whispered report that she had left home and that he had met her in a bag-nio. The lady is of the first respectability, and the story was a pure fabrication, so no one pities Morris for the severe lashing he got, and it was a severe one, for the young woman laid it on with an unsparing hand. More power to her.

A MAD dog got loose in a Chicago livery stable one day last week, and now several of the horses begin to manifest signs of hydrophobia.

ANOTHER lull in the murder mania in the metropolis. What are our Italian carvers doing? Is that romantic and traditional stiletto to grow rusty?

Is this the proper caper! The young ladies off Buffalo, N. Y., are adopting the fashion of thrashing editors who leave their names out of their printed lists of "belles of the ball."

THE revival of the ring is complete. There never was such an excitement over a fight as that preceding, during and succeeding the brief but furious encounter between Sullivan and Ryan.

THERE is talk of making railroad cars fire-proof. Yes—talk and nothing more. If it is more profitable to run the risk of bonfires than to build fire-proof cars, no such trifle as the sacrifice of human life is going to disarrange the figures on the profit side of companies' ledgers. Not much.

HYMEN seems to be getting all tangled up. Not a week passes in which there is not a fresh revelation of marital crookedness or irregular complications. What's the matter with the heathen god of the hearthstone? It does seem sometimes as if he is intent on committing suicide by swallowing his own torch, he sings himself with it so often.

THE bejewelled hunters and purveyors to the New York palaces of infamy find the west a fine scouting territory for their purpose, for there in season or out of season they generally find their game plenty. Several mysterious disappearances of children twelve and fourteen years old are attributed to them. Mollie Mack, aged 12, of Louisville, Ky., a beautiful child, is the last reported missing.

TWENTY-SEVEN corpses have been in the flaming mine in Virginia for three weeks with no chance of their recovery by the friends of the dead men. Here is a terrible death. And yet red-handed murderers are thought to be punished when they are well fed and hanged after long preparation. How would it do to fling Guiteau and the Ashland murderers into that fiery pit by way of variation? It would be capital punishment for them!

OF all the theories to account for the defeat of Ryan by Sullivan that advanced by a Chicago paper is the most ingenious. It claims that as Sullivan hails from Boston, it was most likely, imbued with the culture of that locality he had the plan laid, in case of finding himself in close quarters, to interest Paddy with an exposition of Prof. Tyndall's atomic theory and then slug him under the ear when he was not looking. This is bringing the ring up to the higher plane of aesthetics indeed. When we revived the manly art we had no idea we were going to have so great a success. What is the loss of our money beside such a triumph as that?

WITH our circulation of 300,000 sold copies and still booming, we can afford to crow a little. We have kept our promise in reviving interest in the prize ring. To do so has cost us money—but it has been fairly lost and won and a mooted question has been settled beyond all dispute. John L. Sullivan has proven himself the best man in America or in the world, and has fairly gained his title of champion. Long before the last match was made the *POLICE GAZETTE* was ready to back him in a championship match to settle this question and that it has been settled at last, leaving out the question of mere money loss which never entered into our calculations, we have accomplished our object, and demonstrated that the *POLICE GAZETTE* has the power and influence to revive into active life even a form of sport that the croakers said was buried too deep for any resurrection. So the greatest victory of all is the *POLICE GAZETTE*'s victory over the croakers aforesaid.

SOME FUNNY BUSINESS.

Scintillations of Humor and Allegory Wit, Culled from Many Sources.

A SOUB MASH—an old maid.

CREWEL work—putting blue eyes into a saffron-colored dog.

EVEN a successful Arctic expedition would be an ice-elated affair.

THEY were twins, and the parents christened one Kate and the other Duplikate.

FASHIONABLE females are the most saque-religious darlings in this wicked world.

It is easier to remove the bark from the outside of a sausage than it is from the inside.

If Venus was the tutelary goddess of lovers who is the tootoolar goddess of the aesthetes?

ANY old bachelor will shriek for a better half when a fifty cent piece with a hole in it is shoved on him.

HANGING is capital punishment, especially when you are hanging on some good looking young girl's arm.

BUT few men can handle a hot lamp chimney and say there is no place like home at the same time.

ONCE they started a girl's seminary in Utah. It flourished well; but just in the height of its prosperity the principal eloped with the whole school.

A LOVER writes to his fair but fickle fiancée: "I have wasted a choir of paper writing notes to you and now if music be the food of love it's played out."

If you grasp a rattlesnake firmly about the neck he cannot hurt you, says a Western paper. Keeping about a block ahead of the snake is also a good scheme.

POLICEMAN to group of small boys: "Come now, move on, there's nothing the matter here." Sarcastic boy: "Of course there isn't; if there was, you would not be here."

"LET's illustrate it," hiccupped a political orator. "It's beautiful. You see an old farmer comes to town loaded with new wheat and he goes home loaded with old rye."

THE latest college joke: Professor says: "Time is money; how do you prove it?" Student says: "Well, you give 25 cents to a couple of tramps, that is a quarter to two."

"YOUNG man, we eat all the rind here," said a boarding-house keeper to a boarder who was taking off the outer portion of a piece of cheese. "All right," replied the boarder. "I'm cutting this off for you."

A FASHIONABLE paper tells us that silken hosiery is now all the rage in Paris, with insertions of portraits and medallions of point lace. Fancy glancing at your lady love's stockings and finding there the portrait of some other fellow!

THERE is nothing that so takes the starch out of a young married man who has been wedded about a year as to have to go to a store where there is a girl clerk that he used to keep company with and inquire for those large sized safety pins.

"THE sentence of the court is," said Judge Porter, a popular Irish magistrate, to a notorious drunkard, "that you be confined in jail for the longest period the law allows and I hope you will spend your time cursing whiskey." "I will, sir, and Porter, too."

THEY sat together in the lamplight and read the advertisements in their local paper, when he suddenly exclaimed, "Look, only \$15 for a suit of clothes." "Is it a wedding suit?" she asked. "Oh, no, it's a business suit," he replied. "Well, I mean business," she replied. That settled it.

THE girl has pretty eyes and red lips. She is going to take a walk in the starlit glen where the cricket chirps in the hedge and the jagers play in the grass. William is going to walk in the glen, too. He will meet the girl and they will talk about the weather. We would not give a cent for that piece of court plaster on the girl's chin by the time the girl gets back home.

THIS is a contribution plate. It has just been passed around. What is there upon it? Now count very slow or you will make a mistake. Four buttons, one nickel, a blue chip and a spectacle glass. Yes, that is right; what will be done with these nice things? They will be sent to foreign countries for the good of the poor heathen. How the poor heathen will rejoice!

INEBRIATE stumbles against pedestrian; pedestrian, indignantly—"Now then, where are your eyes? Couldn't you see me?"

"Thash alri—I shaw you—shaw you double."

"Well then, why didn't you keep clear of me and not bump up against me in that fashion?"

"Coah I thought I'd pass between you—sheel!"

A GRAY hair was discovered among the raven locks of a fair friend of ours a few days ago. "Oh, pray pull it out," she exclaimed. "If I pull it out ten more will come to the funeral," replied the lady who made the unwelcome discovery. "Pluck it out, nevertheless," replied the fair-haired damsel, "it's no sort of consequence how many come to the funeral provided they all come in black."

WHILE going home from church the other evening Miss Bland remarked to one of our young men: "Did you notice the bald-headed man in front of us? How young he looked. Did you ever see one so young with a bald head?" "Oh, yes," replied the thoughtless youth. "I was bald-headed before I was a year old." A painful silence ensued which was broken only as the front gate grated on its hinges.

"Now John," said a father to his gawky son, "it is about time that you got married and settled down in a home of your own." "But I don't know any girls to get married to," whined John. "Fly around and get acquainted with some; that is the way I did when I was young. How do you suppose I ever got married?" inquired the old man. "Well," said John pitifully, "you married mother and I've got to marry a strange girl."

A YANKEE was being rowed across the Sea of Galilee by some lazy natives. "You take the business remarkably easy," said he, and they said they did. "I guess," continued he, "that your fathers rowed in the same way before ye," and they said they supposed they did. "And your forefathers, too, I guess." Well, they supposed so too. "I 'spose so, too," said the Yankee, "and on the whole I don't at all wonder that Jesus Christ got out and walked."

Lives of the Poisoners.

HOW THEY KILLED AND WHAT THEY KILLED WITH.

BY A MEMBER OF THE NEW YORK BAR.

CHAPTER XI.

DANVAL THE DEMON.

Danval, a druggist of the Rue Mauberge, Paris, was sent to the galleys for life three years ago for poisoning his wife. The story of Danval's crime is almost unknown in America. In France it is one of the romances of a long list of similar horrors.

Danval, a dark-bearded, thick-set man of thirty-three at the time of his trial, was sent at an early age to Paris, where he squandered a patrimony of some 50,000 francs. In January, 1876, he married Mathilde Jarry, a pretty, simple and amiable girl, daughter of a retired bootmaker, who was worth some 300,000 francs.

Trouble soon began. Old Jarry did not prove the victim Danval had expected, and the druggist made his wife pay for her father's shortcomings. Before the honeymoon was over he struck her, abusing her constantly because she did not bring him more money, comparing her unfavorably with his mistress and declaring that when she died he would find some one better off. By June he had beaten her some twenty times, and when her mother and sister saw the marks of the blows, and besought him to treat her more gently, he said:

"So she has blabbed? Then I'll go on beating her."

She left him once, but friends induced them to live together again. From this time the young wife, though previously healthy and indeed robust, sickened and pined mysteriously till, on the 10th of September last, she died—of poisoning by arsenic, administered constantly in small doses.

The evidence by which the trial brought these revelations forth was simply sickening. One witness deposed that Madame Danval was "a good little woman, not happy, for her husband beat her like a mortar." Others testified to his brutalities, his violence, and one told how, when, a year before, a man had been on trial for poisoning his wife, Danval had said: "He's a fool; I could poison several wives and leave no trace of it." A whole volume of letters formed part of the evidence. In one Danval addressed his father-in-law as "contaminating filth," "miserable shoemaker," a "wretched lunatic," who prostituted his daughters. "If you or any of yours show your faces inside my door," he wrote on another day, "I will have you thrown out." On the same day his wife wrote to her father (it was her father's birthday):

"I write to you though I have been forbidden to, and must leave the house if I do. But I will do my duty before all. It is then in sore trouble that I keep your birthday, my little pa, but all the same I kiss you and hope it may be a happy one. Above all, do not fret about me, though he makes me more and more unhappy. Kiss my good little mother, and tell her not to worry; he isn't worth scolding. Eight times he has tried to get this letter away from me, and I have a lump on my head as big as a silver dollar. I kiss my little brothers; God keep them long at home, where they are happy! Your unhappy but ever-loving daughter, MATHILDE.

"P. S.—He has taken all my money from me, and is trying to get the stamps for this letter. Do not open the one he has written to you; it is full of abuse."

A frightful feature of the Danval trial was the squabble of the surgeons over the analysis of the murdered woman's remains. The stomach was in a jar which stood on a table in the court room, and several times Danval, in speaking, alluded to this jar as "my wife, there." Frequent outbursts from the spectators assailed him, and his condemnation was popularly rejoiced over.

CHAPTER XII.

CHANTRELLE, THE WIFE POISONER.

At the same time that Danval was being tried another poisoner was under investigation in Scotland. Eugene Chantrelle was a fashionable French teacher at Edinburgh. He was much admired on account of his versatility and scholarly accomplishments. He was not only a man of letters but of science, and it was known that he had graduated in medicine in the University of Paris.

Among his pupils was a young girl whom he seduced. Having brought the poor girl to shame, he was forced to marry her by his relatives, he accepting that alternative rather than have his crime become public and ruin him professionally among his fashionable patrons.

But he speedily tired of her, and, although children came, even they could not bring happiness to the household. Madame appears to have been both good and beautiful. She was confiding and gentle, idolizing her children, kind to all around her, and meek under the most brutal treatment. Chantrelle gradually lost caste, and fell lower and lower in the world—took to drinking and evil courses, thrashed his wife, menaced her with a loaded pistol, and warned her that he would give her

a poison so subtle that, though it would kill her, yet the combined skill of the whole faculty of medicine in Edinburgh would not detect it. Finally, when the domestic torture failed to bring him of her, he really advanced to the deadly extreme of murder.

He was a thrifty ascetic, though, and before killing her insured her life for \$5,000. From that time forth she was constantly ill. On New Year's day, 1877, she complained of a headache, and her husband got some lemonade and orange for her. She partook of both. Early next morning one of the servants heard a moaning like a cat's, as she described it, coming from Madame Chantrelle's bedroom. On entering she found her young mistress unconscious, lying "awfully pale-looking, her eyelids closed over her eyes." When shaken and spoken to she could make no answer but a low moan. A doctor was sent for found Madame Chantrelle breathing irregularly and heavily, as though under the influence of a narcotic poison. Dr. Littlejohn, the eminent toxicologist and lecturer on forensic medicine in Edinburgh, was then summoned, and he said that the lady was dying, and they accordingly removed Madame Chantrelle to the hospital, where she died.

In Chantrelle's possession were found various poisons, which he was proved to have purchased, and among others a very uncommon form of the extract of opium, so strong that even two grains would be fatal—a quantity small enough to be easily given in lemonade or in part of an orange without risk of detection.

Chantrelle attributed his wife's death to an escape of gas, and the house was examined, and there was found behind the shutter of the poor lady's bedroom a disused but closed-up pipe, with the end broken off in such a way as to lead the gasmen to swear it could not have been fractured by accident.

The theory of the prosecution was that Chantrelle had poisoned his wife by a small dose of the hard extract of opium administered either in lemonade or in an orange, and had broken the end off the disused gas-pipe in order to make the people believe that she had been suffocated by an escape of gas. The defense rested on Chantrelle's own theory, and on the fact that no trace of opium could be found in the body of the deceased.

When death is lingering, no trace of opium is ever discovered, but there were two marks on Madame Chantrelle's bed linen which, on analysis, proved to be opium stains. The attempt to account for the death by gas poisoning signally failed, and the jury found Chantrelle guilty and he was sentenced to death. This sentence, we believe, was commuted, and Chantrelle is now serving out a life term at hard labor.

HE WANTED TO BE A FLYING MAN.

Deacon Jones, Demoralized by a Circus Trick, Releases It Himself with Ludicrous Results.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The circus does not demoralize boys alone. Coup's circus in its travels through the south seems to have turned the heads of the men and women as well, and if the word of our waggish correspondent may be taken, it is not unusual in Georgia after a circus has gone by to see staid old deacons taking to their barns to practice somersaults in the hay, while his daughters are trying to stand on their heads on the kitchen floor. But Mr. William Jones, of Griffin, Ga., was bitten worse than any of his neighbors by the circus madness. He had it so bad that he thought he would make as good a flying man as Lulu, who is thrown ever so many feet into the air and descends gracefully and safely into the sag of a net.

This trick excited the imitiveness of Mr. Jones, and he told Johnny Doe and Dick Roe, in confidence, that he could fix up a machine that would fling him as far as the catapult did Lulu, and a small wager was put up to stimulate Jones in the undertaking. Now, be it known, Mr. Jones is the man who has been run over by a freight train, and a 2:40 trotter in full tilt knocked him within an acre of the further bank of the dark river, and the hard side of a brick on another occasion came near taking the half of his head off, being unbuffed by a built catapult of his own devising. The machine was easily constructed, being made of two good-sized hickory saplings, bent down and cut off about fifteen feet from the earth. Across these a plank was fastened, upon which the would-be Lulu was to lay himself. At about the distance he imagined he would fall a large lot of loose hay was placed, so as to make the descent easy. Everything being put in circus-like order, Johnny Doe and Dick Roe and the boys in the neighborhood were notified to be on hand. The catapult was sprung by means of a windlass and strong rope. "Now," said Jones, putting himself in position in a way that would have excited the envy of Lulu the original, "when I say ready cut the cord and turn it loose." Everything was arranged and the command given. Dick clipped the cord and Jones went up as if he had been shot from a two hundred pound gun, and Johnnie Doe says he went up as high as the weather-cock on the court-house steeple. He passed forty feet beyond the hay-pile and fell in close proximity to a big stump. The only injury received by Mr. Jones was five broken ribs, nose dislocated, knocked breathless and one arm a little out of socket. His physician says he will recover.

WOMAN'S DEVILTRIES.

Where the Weaker Sex Comes out Strong in Comparison with the Stronger.

PAUL POSCHANKA arrived in New York from Bohemia six months ago with a young daughter aged 16. She acquired English rapidly and among the first things she learned was the fact that there are no such things as malfeasances here as in her native country to bring about a marriage. She learned in great glee that it was only necessary to hate the man and then the parson or justice of the peace could make the twain one. She started out to search through the metropolis for the needed man. This was two weeks ago and now the detective force is seeking her at the instance of her father, who has not seen her since she started on her love-lorn quest.

MISS LOTTIE LOVE, of Springfield, Ill., loved Mr. Henry Hargrave to distraction and he loved her back as good as she sent. But the old man Love, Lottie's father, wouldn't have it. He said that Henry wrote poetry and he wouldn't have a son-in-law who would be capable of such a thing. He thought this was too good for him. But Lottie was fly. She got her father to agree to receiving a divorce party; so one night they came—all the neighbors and a parson included. The parson was on hand also and before the old man Love recovered from the shock occasioned by the audacity of the manœuvre his daughter was married right before his eyes. Henry Hargrave but what was the use of kicking? He had to swallow the poet and he did, though with a wry face or two.

A MRS. CARPENTER, a 21-year old grass widow said to have wealthy relatives in New York city, mashed Amasa Carpenter, a wealthy citizen of Chicago, about five years ago. He was 58 years old but he wooed the frisky grass widow with the simulated spirit of a young colt. The coy charmer consented to be his and the pair established themselves in grand state in Chicago. There she succeeded in surrounding herself with gay young beaux and lived a merry and it is said decidedly crooked life for several years. Last month the first husband, Carpenter, turned up. He was not Enoch Arden, he wasn't. He was a sort of a fellow. He put up a job and slipped with his wife, she getting away with a large amount of her second husband's funds. The pair have been sought in vain by the infatuated old man.

HORACE L. JONES, a medical student in Philadelphia, has been arrested on a charge of seducing a beautiful young girl named Margaret Tyndal. He explains that he first met her at a camp meeting in Laurel, Del., in 1919, when she at once declared in an intense whisper that she was madly in love with him. He concluded to gratify her by giving her full swing to her love and he did. Could he help it? Well, he guessed not. She even followed him to Philadelphia and entered the Woman's Medical College on the pretense of studying medicine, but really to be near him and keep the fires of love alight. She made great scandal for him in the Quaker City by making three attempts to take her life by poison and then giving it away that it was all on his account. She says on the other hand that she was invited to Philadelphia by Jones and expected to be married there, of which she was seduced and now she's going to "take it out of him."

BENJAMIN HOLDSWORTH, BIGAMIST.

(With Portrait.)

Benjamin Holdsworth, of Parsons, Pa., the man whose portrait we present this week, although only 25 years of age, has had a varied experience in matrimony. Before he had attained his majority he married a gay young grass widow who was several years his senior. After living with her for a year or two, and finding the matrimonial yoke did not set well, he took French leave for Europe and lived abroad until the widow had found some one to take his place. Then he married in England his cousin and brought her to America. They made their residence in a suburb called Moseytown, where he and his second wife have lived happily for two or more years. His wife's mother, brothers and sister arrived from the old country several months ago, and naturally the two families became much attached to each other. As the weeks went by it came to be noticed that the gay Ben lavished more attention on one certain member of his mother-in-law's family than the rest.

This particular one was no less a personage than Margaret Elizabeth, his wife's sister, and of course his own first cousin. Maggie Eliza was a slow-going, stupid-looking girl, not being possessed of the least attraction or good looks, the last person a man of Ben's licentious propensities would become enamored of. The wife became cognizant of their attachment about as soon as it began and tried to put a stop to their infatuation for one another without avail. The result of the matter was that the peace of a once happy household was destroyed. A disagreement ensued between husband and wife, and Benjamin packed up and left, but he did more than this; two weeks before he decamped this incestuous Lothario and his foolish victim were married by a clergyman of Plains, she giving her real name and he a fictitious one, calling himself Henry Johnson. After leaving his wife and two help-

less children, the wretch had the audacity to return for his trunk, which he procured without molestation, and left for parts unknown, his new made spouse following a few days after.

WORK FOR THE HANGMAN.

Criminals Who Have Had, or are Waiting to Have Their Necks Stretched.

JACK W. PERRY was hanged at Prescott, Arizona, on the 3d inst., for the brutal murder of Michael Shaw. The prisoner made an abortive attempt to kill himself in his cell the night before the execution.

JOHN GARUS, the Evanston, Ill. murderer, who killed the farmer who sheltered him for a night, was sentenced at Chicago to be hanged on the 25th of March.

CHARLES BELCHAM, aged 64, who murdered an old man named Hughes a few weeks ago, in the most cruel and brutal manner, is to be hanged.

JOHN WAGNER, of Davenport, Iowa, being convicted of murder, has worried himself into a nervous breakdown and a decline which, the doctors say, will carry him off to the grave before the day of the execution.

Both murderers and footpads are all the rage in Kansas, Mo. Patsy Early is the latest in the line. Only 14 years of age, he was arrested at play armed to the teeth with pistols and bowie knives. He shot one of his playmates, Billy Lowderman, the latter is now on trial for the childish crime, which the lawyers will persist in calling murder.

In 1875, D. C. White, of Minden, La., and George Conquest, an Englishman, were friends. The latter bought a wagon and stocked it with dry goods and notions, intending to peddle them in Texas, in which State White persuaded him he would make a fortune. They started off, and in January, 1876, they were in the southeastern part of Van Zandt County. One night they went into camp on the bank of the Neches river. The next morning White continued the journey alone and a few days after Conquest's dead body was found in the old camping place with a bullet hole in the back. After a long hunt White was captured and after several trials he was hanged on the 21st inst.

MATCHES NOT MADE IN HEAVEN.

Cases in Which Angels Prove Devils and Hymen's Torch is Hell Fire.

MRS. MORGAN, of Danvers, N. H., wants a divorce from Mr. Morgan, her second husband, after having been married to him, an editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer, who left her some property and a neat sum of money. Morgan persuaded her that he was rich and induced her to marry him. Then after vainly attempting to gain control of her property he began to abuse her, throwing knives, forks and dishes at her and finally after living with her one year he ran away altogether. Since she has learned that Mr. Morgan was sent to the penitentiary some years ago on a commitment for life for murdering a policeman but was pardoned out through the efforts of her husband the editor. Now she is determined to sever the odious bond that connect her with her unlucky second husband.

THE matrimonial market in Baltimore boomed last night. A very lively for a time but at last the price of one of the companies holding stock in the love-lorn maiden's money in their hands was looked up in court on a charge of fraud. Each maid or swain in taking out a policy is guaranteed a fixed sum a year after marriage, and the patronage of the speculation has been enormous, all the old maids going in to the extent of their bottom dollars. Poor thing.

A WIDOW of Baltimore, Md., seduced her 16-year old daughter to discard her lover aged 24. This done the dashing widow went for him and won in a canter, marrying the young chap off-hand in a week. And now there is melody in that household.

A TYPICAL WESTERN MURDERER.

(With Portrait.)

A shooting affray which is likely to result in the death of one of the parties concerned, occurred in a saloon near Youngs Springs, Arizona, on Jan. 14th. A man by the name of Coffee, a sub-railroad contractor, had been drinking heavily for several days, and by the free use of his revolver had made himself the terror of the Canyon. On the day above mentioned, a young man named West, about 21 years old, and spoken of as a very quiet and inoffensive man, entered the saloon where Coffee was and was immediately requested by Coffee to take a drink. The two men stepped up to the bar, and as West was raising the glass to his lips Coffee fired, the ball taking effect in the left lung. West was carried to his camp and medical aid summoned, but the wound was declared mortal.

Sheriff Davis, on learning of the affair arrested Coffee in Murphy's camp, where he had taken refuge, and conveyed him to Mineral Park. While passing the place where the murder was committed a determined effort was made to lynch the prisoner but it was thwarted by the coolness of the Sheriff, who, by the way, has had as many exciting adventures, and possesses as much sand as any officer on the frontier.

A Butcher's Conscience.

The audacity which Guiteau displayed during his confinement and trial has deserted him since the verdict which consigns him to the doom he merits has been passed. In spite of his boasts that the court in *banc* will eventually free him he is a prey to a despair quite foreign to his blatant declarations of fearlessness. This is especially noticeable when he is left alone in his cell. Solitary with his cowardly self the assassin crouches on his bed, a prey to such emotions as beset such men as him when peril menaces them. He has to be stirred up very much like a wild beast in a cage when visitors come to him and in the darkness of the night his uneasy slumbers are said by the wardens to be agitated by dreams which extort from him screams of agony and abject appeals for mercy. If he never reached the gallows even his death in his cell would be preceded by such an exhibition as few sinners on earth have ever made for their crimes.

An Opium Den Horror.

A dreamer in an opium den in Virginia City, Nev., had a shock the other night. He had just gone through

**CONSCIENCE THE AVENGER.**

THE MIDNIGHT AGONIES OF THE ASSASSIN GUITEAU, FACE TO FACE WITH HIS DOOM, AS DESCRIBED BY HIS JAILERS.

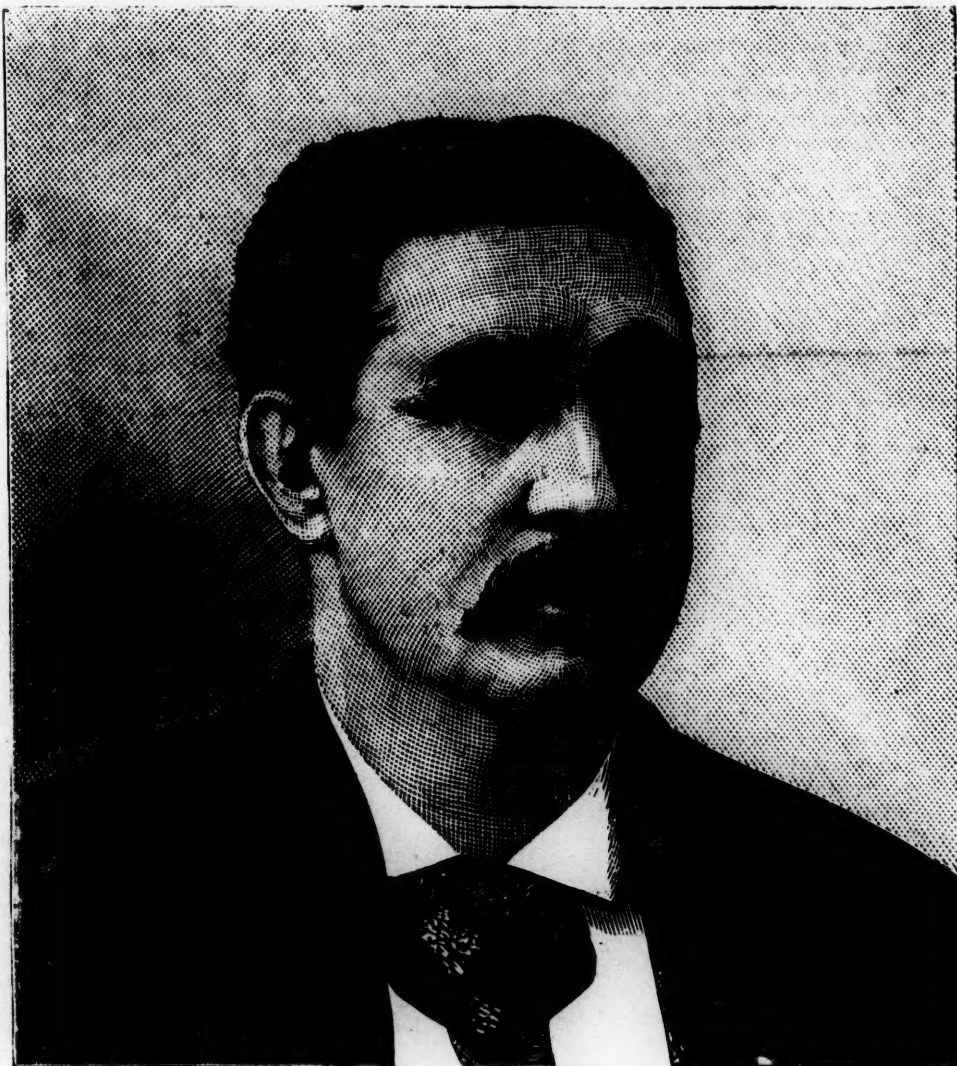
pany now performing in the *Lights o' London* at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, he has scored one of the most pronounced hits made by any actor this season.

Mrs. Courtaine, under the name of Emma Grattan, is a favorite of long standing with the New York public. Appearing here originally as chief support of Lydia Thompson, she has since become familiar throughout the country and around the world as one of the best sou-brettes who ever made time speed lightly for an audience in any theatre.

Talmage on the Prize Fight.

In his weekly lecture on secular subjects the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage on the 10th inst. edified his congregation by an elaborate puff of the prize fighters Sullivan and Ryan, and incidentally endorsed in an indirect way the policy pursued by the *POLICE GAZETTE* in its efforts to revive the glories of the prize ring. A *POLICE GAZETTE* reporter was detailed to attend this lecture on the assurance that the reverend gentleman would treat of the prize fight. The following is an accurate report of his remarks on the subject:

"As many of the newspapers had for two or three days,"

**HARRY COURTAINE.**

[Photo. by Marc Gambier.]

**EMMA GRATTAN.**

[Photo. by Marc Gambier.]

fairy land in the unusually roseate visions conjured up by a heavy pipeful of his favorite drug and had returned from the tour of his dreams with a headache. He had lain on a rude couch, but the pillow seemed to him unusually soft and yielding. He threw down the blanket and found that the body of a dead Chinaman had been his head rest while he was away exploring the abode of the fairies. The Chinese proprietor of the place said the defunct had come to his place sick a week before and had died there three days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Courtaine.

Although the most popular actor in California during the palmy days of the drama there, it is only since the season of 1879-80 that this admirable artist has been before the Eastern public. Opening at the Union Square Theatre in *French Flats* he has performed in New York and throughout all the great cities of the Atlantic slope in many prominent parts since. As a comedian and eccentric character actor Mr. Courtaine has no superior upon our stage and it cannot be a question of many seasons more before he assumes among us the popular eminence he achieved before the critical audiences of San Francisco. As Clifford Armistage in the branch of the Union Square com-

**A CORPSE FOR A PILLOW.**

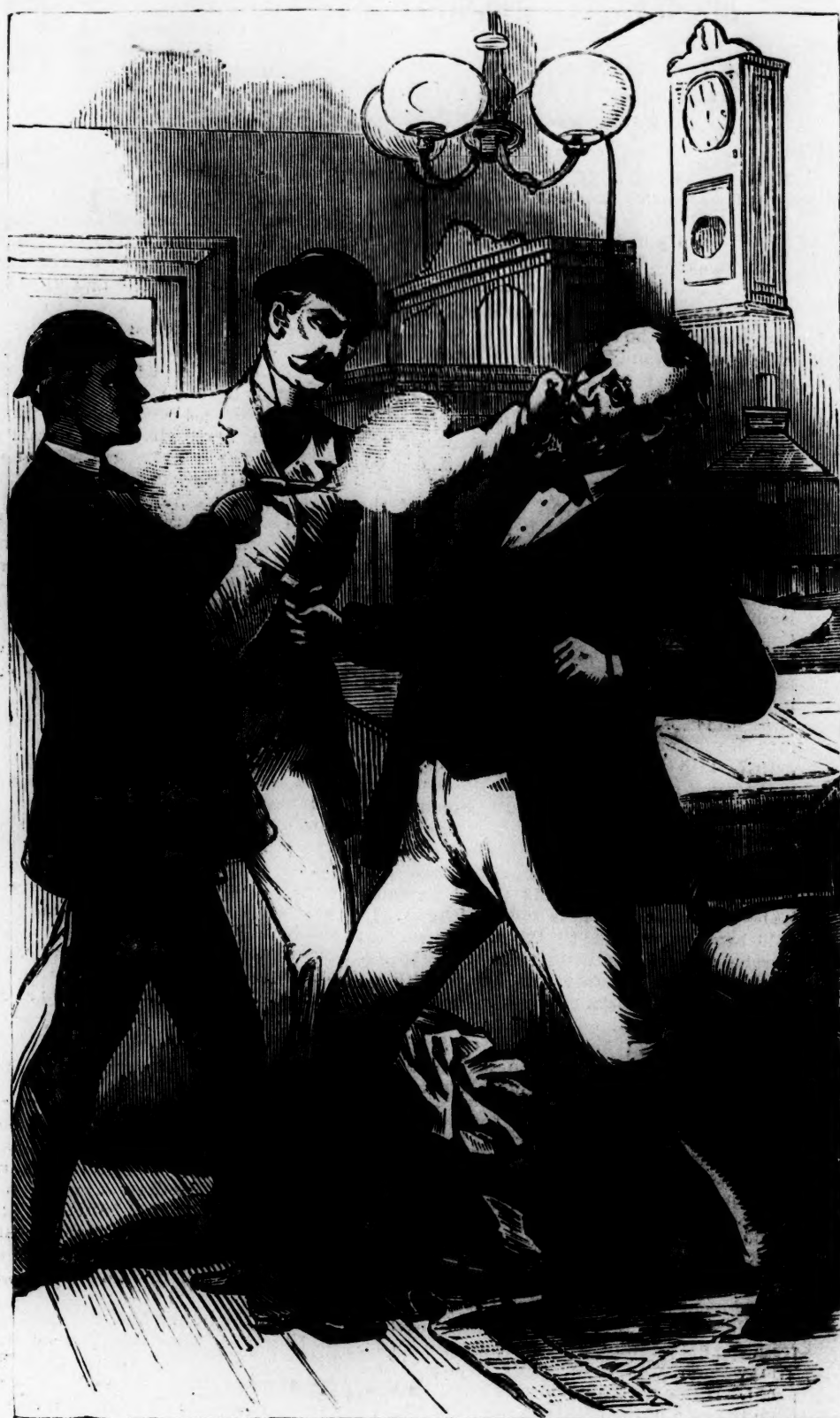
A DREAMER'S HORRIBLE AWAKENING IN AN OPIUM DEN IN VIRGINIA CITY, NEV.

he said, "been largely occupied with reports of the pugilistic encounter the whole country had been, either willingly or unwillingly, looking on. It was a shocking spectacle but not so bad as war on a large scale. Of the two he preferred the prize fight. It was a bad thing to break one jaw, but how much worse was it to break ten thousand jaws. Why should not Disraeli, after he had instituted the Zulu war have been compelled to go forth and fight the battles himself instead of the thousands who did fight? Why not let nations at war have each a champion to do the fighting? It would be a great economy of desolated hearthstones, a great economy of sepulchres. He did not advocate prize fighting but he thought it required courage to enter the 24-foot ring in personal conflict. There is more exposure than in a contest in which Dahlgren guns and howitzers and swamp angels are concerned. He believed the time will come when the epics of war will cease to be sung over thousands of stacked-up corpses and the rolls of its drums will be replaced by diplomacy, but if we must have physical war he would have the men who make the battles be the only ones to fight. As it is those who get up the wars usually stay at home and make money and reputation out of them."



HE WANTED TO BE A FLYING MAN.

MR. JONES, OF GRIFFIN, GA., RIGS UP A CATAPULT AND DOES A LITTLE CIRCUS BUSINESS IN RIVALRY WITH LULU, WHEREBY HE COMES TO GRIEF.



TWO EDITORS SHOT.

DESPERATE PISTOL FIGHT BETWEEN TWO JOURNALISTS IN THE EDITORIAL ROOMS OF A WASHINGTON NEWSPAPER.

Frank Marvin, Murderer.

A long sought murderer, Frank Marvin, who in November, 1878, shot and killed John Matson in a mining camp in Colorado, was captured in Denver on Jan. 19, and taken to Fort Collins, Col., in charge of a well-armed squad of officers who needed every artifice and precaution to prevent the lynching of their prisoner. The murder came about in this wise: Marvin had taken a stray mule belonging to one of Matson's neighbors and claimed it as his own. Matson took the mule home to its real owner. Shortly after the two men met



JENNIE NEBERGALL,

UNFAITHFUL WIFE; ELOPED FROM BUSHNELL, ILL.

at a social affair and had a "run in" in which Matson cut Marvin over the eye, laying open a deep gash with a bowie knife. After the wound had been dressed, Marvin went home, got his Winchester rifle and followed the trail of Matson to his house. Just as Matson was entering his door Marvin drew a bead on him and he fell dead on the sill. Then the mur



A LIFE FOR A DRUNK.

THE MURDER OF MRS. SARAH DORRIS BY HER GRANDSON AND AN ACCOMPLICE WHO WANTED FUNDS FOR A SPREE; ST. LOUIS, MO.

derer fled, and ever since has lived the life of a wild beast, hunted from lair to lair in the wildernesses of Colorado and Wyoming. He was finally run down by Sheriff James Sweeney, of Larimer county, Col. Sheriff Sweeney is a native of Chataqua county, New York State, and has been sheriff and member of the Rocky Mountain Detective Association for the past six years.

THAT blooming youth, Russell Brown, of St. Louis, Mo., who murdered his grandmother the other day, laughs at the idea that he will be hanged. He says he only robbed the old



FRANK MARVIN,

DESPERADO AND MURDERER, CAPTURED AT DENVER, COL.

lady out of a boyish freak and that he had no idea that she was going to be frightened to death. He had played tricks on her before and worse ones than that and she never died. This is the sort of argument that is to constitute his defence. And as he and all his relations are very rich it will probably answer for logic. Verily the world moves!

HE WANTED WHISKEY.

The St. Louis Hoodlum Who Strangled His Grandmother To Procure Funds For a Debauch.

How the Wealth of Mrs. Sarah Dorris Amassed by Trading in Flesh and Blood, Worked out a Curse Upon Her in the End.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most remarkable crimes in American history is the murder of Mrs. Sarah Dorris, by her grandson, Russell Brown, at St. Louis, Mo., on the night of January 28th last, briefly described in our last issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. The following details furnished by GAZETTE detectives from the scene of the tragedy, constitute a reality which few romances have ever excelled.

The Dorris family is an outgrowth of the peculiar social system which prevailed in the South and West previous to the great civil war. The present head of the family, General George P. Dorris, is a Kentuckian. In 1832 he married, at his father's house in Franklin County, Ill., a young girl of 18, from Lynchburg, Va. Husband and wife were types of manly and womanly beauty, and both were more than usually clear-sighted, shrewd and energetic in character. They went to Platte City, Mo., after their marriage, soon, however, drifting into the farther west. At the commencement of the California gold fever the general crossed the plains and engaged in the pursuit of treasure among the gulches of the Sierras. It was in this pursuit that he won the capital on which he entered politics, and which served him afterwards in the business he became most notorious and wealthy by. In 1850, having returned to Platte City, General Dorris was made a member of the State assembly from that county. He served with no particular distinction, but was respected as a legislator of intelligence. After his term of office had expired he removed to St. Louis, where he soon became known as one of the most active and unscrupulous slave traders on the continent.

Mrs. Dorris was a shrewd business woman, and between her husband and herself was invented about the most novel scheme for making money out of dealings in human flesh ever perfected. Negro women with infants at the breast were sold at a very low price in those days because nobody wanted the trouble of having the children about. Dorris bought such women whenever he could get what he considered a bargain. He would take the child from the breast and rear it from the bottle. The woman was then ready to be sold at a profit. Whatever Mrs. Dorris could realize from the sale of the child she was entitled to by her bargain with her husband to keep for pin money. The fair blood merchant made quite a large amount in this way which she invested in her own name and held with the grip of a she Harpazon.

At the outbreak of the war General Dorris was counted a millionaire, and although he has suffered heavy losses since is still a very rich man. His wife's independent means rendered her nearly opulent as herself.

The second daughter of the Dorris's married some 21 years ago an eminent lawyer of St. Louis, Joseph B. Brown. By him she had several children, the eldest of whom was a boy, born about 20 years back and christened Russell Brown. Some 12 years ago Brown secured a divorce from his wife and she married Martin Van Buren Wisker. At the end of the year 1881 Mrs. Wisker commenced proceedings for divorce against her second husband. Pending their settlement she resided with her father and mother in the family mansion, a spacious and lovely old house some five miles from the business centre of St. Louis, at the junction of the Oliver street road and the Kings Highway. Her son occasionally slept at the house, but he was obnoxious to his grandfather and his visits were not encouraged.

The reason for this was in the fact that Russell Brown was an utterly dissipated and abandoned young man. His ways had attracted the attention of the police more than once. He had got into many serious scrapes from whose consequences he was saved by the influence of his family. He was a daily lounge in a low St. Louis saloon and his companions and associates were of the most depraved and vicious character. He had been suspected of dishonest dealings by the police who watched his movements carefully.

One day he was in the saloon mentioned looking at a game of pool which was in progress. Among the players was an acquaintance of his, a barkeeper named John Stretch. The latter had on one of his fingers a valuable gold ring which Brown had frequently admired. While Stretch was busily engaged in the game Brown requested him to take off the ring and let him examine it. A moment later unobserved by any one Brown slipped out of the saloon, taking the ring with him. His motive in departing so suddenly was only too apparent and Stretch at once notified the police. He was arrested the next day and the ring found in his possession. Stretch yielded to the solicitations of the young man's friends and refused to prosecute him.

The police are also informed of numerous

instances of larceny committed by Brown at the Dorris mansion, out of which no prosecution grew. Altogether he was as black a sheep as ever disgraced any fold.

On the evening of Saturday, Jan. 28, Russell Brown was at the Dorris mansion. His mother found him and his grandmother in the latter's room together at 7 o'clock. The old woman was treating herself to a pipe, her nightly custom, and her grandson was also smoking. When his mother went to her room Brown followed her and begged money enough to get a drink with, saying that he was sick. She gave him a quarter and he went out. After a time he returned and went to bed in a room which was assigned to him. Shortly after he had retired a colored boy employed about the place informed his mother and grandmother that he had heard voices in conversation in the garden. No attention was paid to this information at the time.

An hour later when Mrs. Wisker was dozing off to sleep she heard her son, who had been put in the room over hers, go out. She supposed he was going into town to try and get some more drink and with a charming absence of interest in such an irregular proceeding went quickly to sleep without bothering herself further about the matter.

Russell Brown had indeed started to town but previous to his departure he attended to a matter of business he had been preparing for some time, which was simply to murder and rob his grandmother.

According to his confession the details of his crime were as follows:

Among Brown's acquaintances was a young man of about the same moral calibre as himself named McGlew. McGlew was a bartender by occupation and was well known about town. He and Brown had become chums and on the night of Jan. 28, being short of money, went out to the Dorris mansion, where Brown asserted he could raise funds. They drove out in a buggy hired on credit. All that Brown could obtain from his mother was a quarter of a dollar, over the whiskey that it bought he and his friend discussed ways and means to obtain more.

Young Brown informed his companion that his grandmother was in the habit of wearing a gold watch and diamond jewelry of great value, and that it would be an easy matter to possess themselves of it. The plan was then carefully arranged as to detail and execution. Together the two scoundrels returned to the house, where McGlew was left hiding in a summer house in the garden while his confederate went in. It was the voices of the two when they parted which the negro had reported hearing to Mrs. Dorris and her daughter.

When the house had retired, Brown arose and admitted his associate whom he led up to his room. It was then about ten o'clock. McGlew got into bed, and the clothes were tucked about his neck, and his face was buried in the pillow. Brown arranged everything so as to hide the identity of his accomplice, and then turned down the gas and went in search of his grandmother. He found her in bed in her own room.

"Grandma," he said: "Uncle Tom is very sick, and he wants to see you. He is in bed in my room."

The Uncle Tom referred to was the son of Mrs. Dorris, and she thought a great deal of him. She arose, and with the rings on her fingers that sealed her doom, followed her grandson. In the dim flickering light of the chamber she could not well define the features of the face of the man so well covered by the bed clothing. Suspecting nothing, she bent over the bed and began in soothing tones to console the sick man.

This was the signal agreed upon. McGlew flung aside the clothes and clutched the aged woman's throat in a vise-like grip, pulling her down upon the bed.

Realizing her position in an instant she offered such feeble resistance as a woman of 70 years could. While she was struggling on the bed in the grasp of McGlew, Brown became alarmed lest she should cry out and alarm the house, so he grasped her about the throat with such force that her eyeballs became distended and her tongue protruded from her mouth. While he held her thus his confederate proceeded to tear the rings from her fingers, but as this was hard to accomplish McGlew used his teeth, terribly lacerating the flesh and even breaking some of the fingers. The job done they went to her room and secured her watch and chain and left the house. They drove back to the livery stable at eleven o'clock at night and at once began preparations for flight.

Next day at noon Mrs. Wisker drove into St. Louis and notified the coroner that her mother was dead of apoplexy of the heart. The ruse did not work however. It was discovered that Mrs. Dorris had been found dead, not in her own but in her grandson's room; that her death had been caused by violence and that she had been robbed. Suspicion fell at once on Russell Brown and his arrest was ordered.

McGlew's name is somewhat romantically associated with another tragedy in which, however, he was not an actor. He is a brother of Kitty McGlew, the waiter girl at the Spencer house, Indianapolis, who was shot dead by her lover, Louis Guetig, there. Guetig was hanged for the murder in 1878. After the tragedy (which was exhaustively detailed in

the POLICE GAZETTE at the time) McGlew removed to St. Louis where he has been most of the time since.

The young butcher in the meantime had been lingering about St. Louis, getting drunk on the proceeds of his crime. On Sunday night, within 24 hours of the murder, he was arrested. His confederate fled to Chicago where he was apprehended two days later. Brown made a full confession of his crime, averring that he had committed it in a fit of drunken frenzy. McGlew denied his guilt, and swore he knew of no one of the name of Dorris in St. Louis but the General; that he knew but one Brown and he was a man of 40 years, that he could easily prove an alibi on the night of the murder, and that his departure for Chicago had been made simply to meet a friend who had opened a saloon there and who was to give him a position.

TWO EDITORS SHOT.

A Lively Pistol Fight in the Editorial Rooms of a Washington Newspaper.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The newspaper men, wearied of merely reporting rows, murders and shooting scrapes, have at last taken a hand in and brought the gory spectre of murder right into the editorial room. On the 7th inst. A. M. Soteldo, the clerk of the Railroad Committee of the Senate at Washington, D. C., was shot and fatally wounded by Clarence Barton, managing editor of the Washington Republican newspaper. Barton himself was "double leaded" with slugs from the pistol of Soteldo's brother and the printers, objecting to this handling of matter in the editorial room, rushed in and stopped the business.

Barton explains that he was sitting at his desk when Soteldo and his brother entered the room. Soteldo had a copy of the Republican in his hand and requested Barton to read an article therein relating to an alleged row between Soteldo and a Col. Keegan in a disreputable house in the capital. The case had been reported several weeks before and Barton claimed that as both Soteldo and Keegan had made charges against each other in the police court the papers had a right to publish the affair as news. Soteldo had vainly tried to purchase a copy of the first account from a compositor for \$5 and had to let it pass. On the 9th inst., however, he was further incensed by the publication of another article referring to the trouble. It was this he wanted the managing editor to read. The objectionable comments ran as follows:

"It is not forgotten in this city that when this man Soteldo was managing editor of the Republican he boasted that he held the mirror up to nature in presenting the naked facts of passing events to the public through its columns. Whether he did or not is best known to those who remember his signal failure in his efforts at so-called reform—a failure to be very naturally expected when Mr. Soteldo's connection with a well known blackmailing sheet in New York—namely the Free Lance—was so well remembered."

When Barton had coolly read this over and looked at his visitor with a cool air of aggravating inquiry Soteldo sprang to his feet and dealt him a blow with his fist. Then began a lively scrimmage that wrecked the editorial room. Barton drew a pistol and fired at random several times while young Soteldo popped away rapidly with his revolver at the managing editor. The printers rushed in, disarmed young Soteldo and the editor, gave one over to the police and sent the other to the hospital and then looked for the elder of the two visitors, who was found lying on the floor with the blood streaming from a wound in the back of the neck. A physician declared his injuries fatal.

HARRY FREDRICKS.

[With Portrait.]

The young one-mile champion of Canada and the United States was born in New York city, and is a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club of New York city. He formerly represented the Pastime Athletic Club. He made his first appearance as a walker at the Thanksgiving day games of the S. A. A. C. in 1878. This race he won in the fast time of 7m. 37s. His best record for running is 4m. 32s., made in his race with Gifford, when they ran their dead heat. In the run off Harry won easily. In 1880 he won the championship of America in 4m. 39s., and of Canada in 4m. 59s. In 1881 he again won both championships in 4m. 32 5-8s and 4m. 43s. respectively. Fredericks is a universal favorite with everyone, and took our Canadian friends by storm. With age and strength to back him, he is confidently looked upon to be able to lower Myers' record for the mile—4m. 29 1/2s. He is at present a clerk, and about 18 years of age.

Mrs. MINNIE RANDALL, the alleged victim of the lust of the Rev. Richard Page, the city missionary of Cincinnati, whose scandalous case was fully reported in the POLICE GAZETTE several weeks since, committed suicide by laudanum on the 6th inst. She had been abandoned by her clerical lover and was outcast by her acquaintances, the church members, for her acknowledged sin. This preyed on her mind and led to the despair that ended in the desperate deed of self murder.

THE DEVIL'S OWN.

Some Deeds in Which Satan Does Not Conceal His Agency.

WILL OWENS, aged 45, of Louisville, Ky., was enjoying himself on the 31st ult. by beating and jumping on his wife. Her brother, George Oylar, came on the scene. Owens met him with a club but Oylar put two bullets in him and swept the deck.

LAST March a little girl nine years old, an orphan, was adopted by a German childless couple named Edward and Maggie Clauson, 20 miles southwest of Lincoln, Neb. The girl suddenly died two weeks ago. On rumors of ill treatment the body was exhumed by the coroner. Examination revealed that the poor creature was literally beaten, starved and frozen to death. The precious pair were bound over for trial.

On the 21st ult. Aleck Collins, of Castle Rock, Col., and Charles Hudspeth, a negro, quarrelled and the latter went about town the next day boasting that he was going to kill the white man. Collins met him shortly after in the street and asked him if he had made such threats. The darkey replied with a pistol shot that killed him. At first the coroner's jury discharged the darkey in the belief that he had acted in self-defence. It appearing afterward that Collins was unarmed the people insisted on his rearrest and he was caught just as he was about to mount his horse and make off for parts unknown.

THE boys of the west don't play burglary—they mean business and go to the work earnestly. On the night of the 5th inst., as Dr. J. W. Williams of Ludlow, Col., was returning to his hotel in Cincinnati, O., where he is sojourning on a visit to his brother, he was suddenly surrounded in the street by a band of half a dozen half-grown young men, who covered him with revolvers and made him hold up his hands while they went through him. When they had all his wealth they told him to move on and followed after him with cocked revolvers for a whole block, when they left him. He reported the case to the first policeman he met and they returned. On the way they heard a pistol shot and found a young man lying on the sidewalk in front of a drug store. The druggist was standing in the doorway with a revolver in his hand. The young man had been shot while trying to pry open the store. Dr. Williams recognized the burglar as one of his highwaymen and on rolling him over he found in his pocket the watch, rings and money that had been taken from him.

TWO ROGUES OUTWITTED.

Cunningly Gathering a Fortune by Burglary and Losing it in an Encounter of Wits With a Detective.

A couple of fellows named Larry Murray and James Rice were arrested last week in Chicago on a charge of highway robbery. It was thought, however, that they had been concerned in a number of burglaries, but evidence could not be obtained to convict them. Two days after their arrest two women called but were not permitted to see them. The visitors were, however, shadowed to their home, and the house being searched a number of sealskin saccos and a quantity of jewelry, all identified as the proceeds of burglaries were secured. Then Rice was brought up, shown the articles and asked to confess. He offered the detective a bribe in this way. Said he: "We have valuable papers for which a reward of \$1,000 has been offered besides \$4,000 worth of plunder, in a safe place, and I am willing to turn this over to you and \$500 extra to get us clear."

The two burglars were then locked in separate cells. Mrs. Rice shortly after visited the jail and the detective accused her of knowing where the valuable papers and the \$4,000 worth of plunder were concealed, and said no mercy would be shown her husband unless it was given up. Terrified, the woman returned home and brought back the papers and a satchel full of jewelry. Rice was then brought up from his cell and shown the articles. He sank into a chair saying, "You have ruined me," but still refused to confess. He was taken back and Murray was sent for, care being taken to have the men pass each other on the stairs so that Murray might think that Rice had betrayed him.

When he saw the paper and jewels he at once formed this conclusion, and indignantly made a clean breast of the whole business, giving the details of fifteen burglaries and information that led to the recovery of thousands of dollars' worth of plunder.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Two Kentucky policemen—Capt. Lee, commanding the night watch of Frankfort, Ky., and Charles Noonon, a patrolman, had a street duel with revolvers on Feb. 9. Noonon shot Lee twice, five shots in all being interchanged. The patrolman says the captain was intimate with his (the patrolman's) wife. Hence the pistol practice.

FANNIE CAVARLY, the young girl of Ottawa, Ill., who accused Dr. Campfield of that place of having debauched her while she was in his hands for professional treatment, as reported in another column, has won her case. The jury awarded her the full amount of damages—\$50,000.

CUPID'S BLUNDERBUSS.

How the Divinity Abandoned His Bow and Arrows When He Visited New Jersey.

How Melinda's Lover Nearly Verified His Flattery and Almost Made an Angel of Her.

A trial is in progress in Paterson, N. J., that goes to show that Cupid, when he takes to the muddy lanes and green fields of New Jersey, throws aside his bow and arrows, straps a revolver on his back instead of a quiver and shoulders a blunderbuss loaded with slugs for his sharp-shooting purposes. This is the trial of John H. Wolfe for the shooting of a Miss Melinda T. Jacobus at Peru, N. J., on the 23d of October last. John loved Melinda in a sneaking sort of way and Melinda had a sort of hankering after John.

They were often together and the labial concussions made reports that resounded through the house and even reached the ears of the old people. So when Melinda sighed there was no doubt what was the matter with Melinda. There was no difficulty in distinguishing the symptoms of love from those of love—the two great and thrilling emotions that are so much alike in their outward manifestations.

Well, John used to hang around the Jacobus house and Melinda liked it. On the 23d of October he was hanging around as usual and the pair were in the kitchen together. Melinda wanted to button her shoe and put her foot on a chair while she reached over to fasten it. Probably fearful that he would detect the color of her stockings and the fact that she gartered above the knee, the young lady turned her back to the spooney young man who hadn't the "freshness" to insist on buttoning the shoe himself. But what did he do? He blushed and turned his eyes away. An old-fashioned musket stood in the corner; he toyed with it to pass the time and it went off.

"Am I shot?" asked the young lady.

"I guess not," said the spooney John, "I'll search for the bullet."

And he did and he found that it had made a big hole in Melinda's back and was at that moment reposing in the tender precincts of that beloved body. Then he put his hand over the hole as he says to stop the blood and she set up a squalling. The doctor and the coroner were sent for and she made a statement to the effect that she was sure the shooting was accidental. But when the old man Jacobus thought over the matter, with its doctor's bills and the turning over of things generally, he changed his mind and made a charge of assault against John and he was arrested. The trial in progress hinges on the above facts.

John was on the witness stand last week and told substantially the above story. Being cross-examined he acknowledged that he had kissed Melinda so many times that he knew of no figures to represent the total. When asked if he ever hugged her when he kissed her he declared he did not know what that meant and although the lawyers spent half an hour over the question they could get no other answer out of him.

One of the sisters of Melinda testified that she had asked Wolfe how he had done the shooting and that he had answered: "Well I picked up the gun and pointing it at Melinda I said, 'Melinda, I'm going to shoot you.' At this Melinda smiled, oh, such a sweet, sweet smile and then the gun went off and the bullet went into Melinda."

It appears that this experience in love making has frightened off the awkward John and he has shown no signs of making up to "Melinda" again for fear that Cupid may have some other deadly weapon lying around, and this dodging of the romantic climax that by all the rules should ripen into orange blossoms and bridal outfits has given mortal offense to the young woman who has been wounded not only in the back but in the heart as well.

Hence these legal presents.

WHISPERS OF SCANDAL.

Tender morsels that Mrs. Grundy and the Tea-table Gossips Enjoy.

HARLEM, a little town near Kansas, Mo., is agitated because it turns out that John Sterling has been caught in the act of marrying his wife Becky's cousin, Lou Ann Morrow. Being hauled up on a charge of bigamy he defended himself by asserting that although he had lived five years with Becky he had never been married to her, whereupon there was a greater sensation than ever.

The widow Charlotte Smith of Boston, Mass., is suing Samuel Boyd for \$5,000 for breach of promise. He refused to marry the widow when he heard that she said that he was too old for her and was a red-eyed, bald-headed old galoot whose only recommendation was his money. She denies and says that she always loved Sammy dearly. Her mother, who calls herself Mrs. Smith too, has for her real cognomen Mrs. Pickles and is known everywhere as "old Marm Pickles." She made things so lively for Sammy before he got into the family that he concluded he would rather not. Among her other acts of heroism she is said to have once cleaned out an entire public school—driving teacher and scholars into the

street and in another row with the ashman in front of her house she crowned him with the ash-barrel and threw him into the cart. Sammy wisely calculates it would pay better to put up \$5,000 for a broken heart than to risk an incurable broken head from such a mother-in-law as Pickles.

The steamship Albemarle, which arrived at New York from Norfolk, Va., on the 7th inst., brought among its passengers R. V. Roat, of Paterson, N. J. His wife Annie, who had gone aboard with him, disappeared from her stateroom shortly after the vessel got well out to sea. Rumor is trying to weave a mystery about the circumstance. Mr. Roat declares that his wife was an invalid and slightly insane and thinks she must have committed suicide by jumping overboard. At any rate she is not to be found and no other explanation than his can be found to cover the case.

GUITEAU'S LAST PLATFORM.

History of the Scaffold on which the Assassin will Expiate his Crime.

The scaffold upon which the assassin Guiteau will probably swing from on the 30th of June next is standing in the Washington jail, where it has been used for its deadly work before. The scaffold is now standing in the north wing of the building, where it was used in the execution of Bedford Queenan. Since then it has been thoroughly painted a drab shade. It is of Georgia pine and stands twenty-four feet in height. The cross beam is of six by eight timber (strengthened by a heavy piece for double work), supported by timbers, eight inches square. The platform is thirteen feet from the ground and is made of two-inch boards, on stout joists mortised and bolted and is eleven feet square. It is supported by six eight-inch upright in addition to those supporting the cross-beam. About three and one-half feet above the platform there is a surrounding rail. The rail is five feet square, framed in the centre of the platform, and is flush with it. It is attached to the platform by two heavy strappings, and is held in place by the ends of the U-shaped iron. At the bottom of the iron is attached a small but strong rope, passing over a pulley at the back of the structure into a box about four inches square, through which the rope runs into one of the cells, where some person, unknown to the outsiders, at the signal from the warden (usually a motion with a handkerchief) gives the fatal pull. The platform is reached by a flight of steps with a railing on either side. The steps are somewhat peculiar, for they have a rise of about seven inches, and a tread of nearly twelve, making them about the easiest steps in the District to ascend under ordinary circumstances. It was constructed in 1879 for the execution of James Peyton, a colored man, convicted of murder. His sentence was, however, commuted to imprisonment for life. The first time the scaffold was put to use was on the 2d of April, 1879. A wife-murderer, James Madison Wyatt Stone, graced it upon that occasion. On November 19, 1880, a double hanging took place from this scaffold. These are the only times the "machine" has been put to use.

JENNIE NEBERGALL'S ELOPEMENT.

[With Portrait.]

Bushnell, Ill., is excited over the circumstance that one night last week Jennie Nebergall, whose portrait we give and who was the wife of an estimable citizen, had disappeared and about the same time one Henry Lichtenstein had left the town. Rumor, based on solid facts, had it down fine that the couple had eloped in company. A few weeks ago Frank Nebergall, the husband, left home to look up a new location, having disposed of his property in Bushnell, leaving with his wife, in whom he placed unbounded confidence, the sum of \$750 for safe keeping. He took with him something over \$100 to defray expenses. After traveling through Arkansas and Missouri without finding a place to his liking he went to Iowa and finally selected Creston as his future home. About this time a telegram reached him from Bushnell telling him his wife was sick and asking him to come home. When Frank reached home and learned the facts he was completely broken down, yet unwilling to believe his wife had proved unfaithful to him he insisted that she had been kidnapped and robbed, as she always carried money on her person. Efforts have in vain been made to get a clue to her whereabouts.

HAZING A DOCTOR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Dr. Harry Rockwell, of Port Chester, N. Y., has made complaint that he has been made the victim of a severe hazing at the hands of a party of students. He says he was taken out of his house by the hazing party one night last week. They took him to the house of a Mrs. Seaman, where they stood him on his head and subjected him to various other indignities. Finally they broke open a butcher's shop, hung him by the heels to a hook and proceeded with a knife to skin him of his clothes with the instrument. He was much terrified but the knife luckily did not draw blood. When the boys had had enough fun with him they started him off for a go-as-you-please homeward half naked. The next day when he applied to the authorities for the arrest of his tormentors he was told with a laugh, "Boys will be boys: it was only their fun." The doctor does not see it in that light and is furious.

CUPID OFF HIS BASE.

Cases in Which the Wicked Little God Doesn't Take Good Aim With His Shafts.

A young woman of Philadelphia named Margaret Main, who is of a highly respectable family, fell in love with a dashing young chap who has been paying his attentions for a year. He told her he was a New York detective. Well, on the 6th inst., he was arrested for robbing a jewelry store of \$4,000 worth of diamonds. His fiancée then learned from the police that her lover's full name was William Henderson, alias "Snatcher Bill," and fainted. The match is off.

A young factory woman, of Lynn, Mass., threatens if the boss's son attempts to marry the girl of his choice in April, as per announcement, she, the factory girl, will appear in the church and take part in the ceremony by offering the bride her baby, (fathered by the bridegroom) to begin housekeeping with. Fearing that his bride may not like ready-made goods of this quality the young man is trying to buy off his victim. He thinks \$500 would be about square, but she thinks a wedding ring would be the equitable thing.

HEWY PURDY, first mate of the brig Harriet G., lying at Wydel's wharf, at the foot of Washington street, Brooklyn, L. I., clandestinely married, on Thanksgiving Day, the step-daughter of one Charles H. Smith, keeper of a sailor's boarding-house in the latter city. On the 7th inst. the vessel was to sail for Cuba and the young sailor took his bride aboard to accompany him on a voyage to Cuba. His father-in-law hearing of this boarded the craft and "went for" Purdy, who, as he claims, in self-defence, shot his relative, inflicting a mortal wound. Smith intended to not only thrash the jolly tar, but to carry off his bride.

IDA E. SHARLES, aged 19, a belle of Providence, R. I., fell in love with and married a travelling book agent named Sharkey, who visited that city in June last. The happy pair went on their travels from town to town as the husband's business required. A few weeks since they reached Lynn, Mass., and while there the young wife was visited at the hotel by a strange woman who wanted to pull her hair because, she said, the bride was travelling with her (the strange woman's) husband. Ida was very much scared, and told her husband. He was indignant, and said he would go right out and notify the police. He went into the bedroom, gathered up all his wife's jewelry and money and disappeared. Inquiry developed the undeniable fact that the woman who had raised the ruction is his legitimate wife.

BUZZARDS IN DOVE'S PLUMES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A POLICE GAZETTE artist was walking up Sixth avenue one afternoon last week, at that hour when the street was thronged with children returning from school. One of these attracted his attention, at first simply by the studious elegance of her dress. She was at first glance a type of the modern school girl born of these extravagant times—a well-grown miss who would pass to casual observation for about twelve years of age. She wore the newest fashion of pleated saccage, of fine material, over an equally elegant dress of wine-colored plush. A natty hat rested coquettishly on her blonde curls, her neatly turned ankle was clad in costly clocked hose, and her boots were high-heeled, expensive French affairs, fitting a dainty foot with glove-like closeness. There were solitaires in her ears and rings on her fingers. She carried a handsome satchel filled with books, and walked with certain freedom of gait which was scarcely as girlish as her appearance. Her appearance altogether was well calculated to excite the attention of the artist bestowed upon her, and more than one pedestrian stopped to stare at her as she passed.

He was watching her when she made a movement of invitation to a young man who turned a corner out of Broadway just beside her. The young fellow grinned, stared and followed her. Within a few minutes he ranged along side of her, and some words passing between them, they turned down a side street together. The artist was by this time close enough to the pair to note that out of the juvenile attire of the bearer of the satchel there peeped a face young and fresh enough, yet but by no means that of a child—the face of a girl still, but one who had already graduated in the school of sin.

"'Tis a nate dodge," observed the policeman at the corner, who watched the couple with one eye, and noted the artist's inspection of them with the other. "The latest and best I ever see. There's a dozen of 'em goes up and down the avenue every morning at school time and every afternoon when it lets out. Whist! Here comes another now."

She came tripping across the street, short-skirted, French-booted, sealskin-sacque and capped, and with a satchel with a gorgeous bunch of flowers embroidered on it in her hand. Her brown hair blew loose in the wind and framed the face of a girl of sixteen, well made up to pass for a couple of years younger. With a last look up and down the avenue, she went into the corner sample room by the

private entrance, and coming out presently, wiping her lips on her handkerchief, returned to the avenue, and went down with her eyes on every man she passed. The virtuous artist sighed as he entered in his sketch book this newest and neatest device for the ensnaring of unwary man. He had heard of wolves in sheeps clothing; now he knew that there was such a thing as buzzards in dove's plumes, too.

MURDERED BY A BEAUTY.

A Southern Belle, in a Fit of Jealous Frenzy, Kills the Sister of her Rival.

Sarah Stokes, of Arkadelphia, Texas, is a beautiful young girl aged 17, who is charged with murder. Her trial is now in progress. The tragedy occurred near Mineral Springs, in Howard County, Texas, last November. She was living with her father, a well-to-do planter of that locality. His wife had been dead a number of years, and he was left with a family of several boys and girls, the eldest of whom was Sarah. The adjoining plantation belonged to a gentleman named Stevens who had several daughters. Between the oldest of these and Sarah a bitter rivalry arose and fierce enmity as to who should bear off the palm of beauty. One morning Miss Stokes was made furious by the intelligence that her rival had spoken disparagingly of her character.

Mounting her favorite horse she started out to find Miss Stevens, accompanied by her sister. The girl she sought was not at home but Melinda Stevens, her sister, answered for her, and on her Miss Stokes discharged all the epithets she wished to launch at the absent rival. In the quarrel that ensued Sarah lost her temper and drawing a long knife stabbed Melinda, who was aged only 14, to the heart. Since the murder the Stokes and Stevens families jointly have become friends and are doing all they can to save the life of the accused girl. The young lady herself is reported to be almost a mental wreck and the case all through is a sad one.

A TEXAS SHERIFF IN A HOT PLACE.

Aided by a Young Chicagoan He Cleans out a Gang of Ambushed Mexicans.

A Mexican slaughter at Belada rancho, fourteen miles from Brownsville, Texas, Francisco Flores went to Santa Maria and complained that Jose Maria Elzado and Felicita Lopez were living in adultery. A warrant for their arrest was given sheriff Beyto who, accompanied by the complainants and a young man named Summers, a telegraph operator from Chicago, rode to the rancho to make the arrest. The woman ran out of the house and told the sheriff that Elzado was in the fields plowing. He started for him and the three complainants entered the dwelling. He had hidden far when he heard shots in the direction of the house and returning found Summers in the road with a revolver covering a Mexican, who had thrown his hands up in obedience to the usual command. In the house were found the dead bodies of the three complainants, who had each been shot and killed outright. The sheriff and the Chicagoan started down the road in pursuit of the murderers. In a thick grove they were received with a volley of rifle shots from the cover and replied with seven shots from their revolvers. Elzado, the man they sought, was killed in the ambush and the rest of the band got away.

That's the way they preserve morality in Texas.

A HUMAN HARROW.

[Subject of Illustration.]

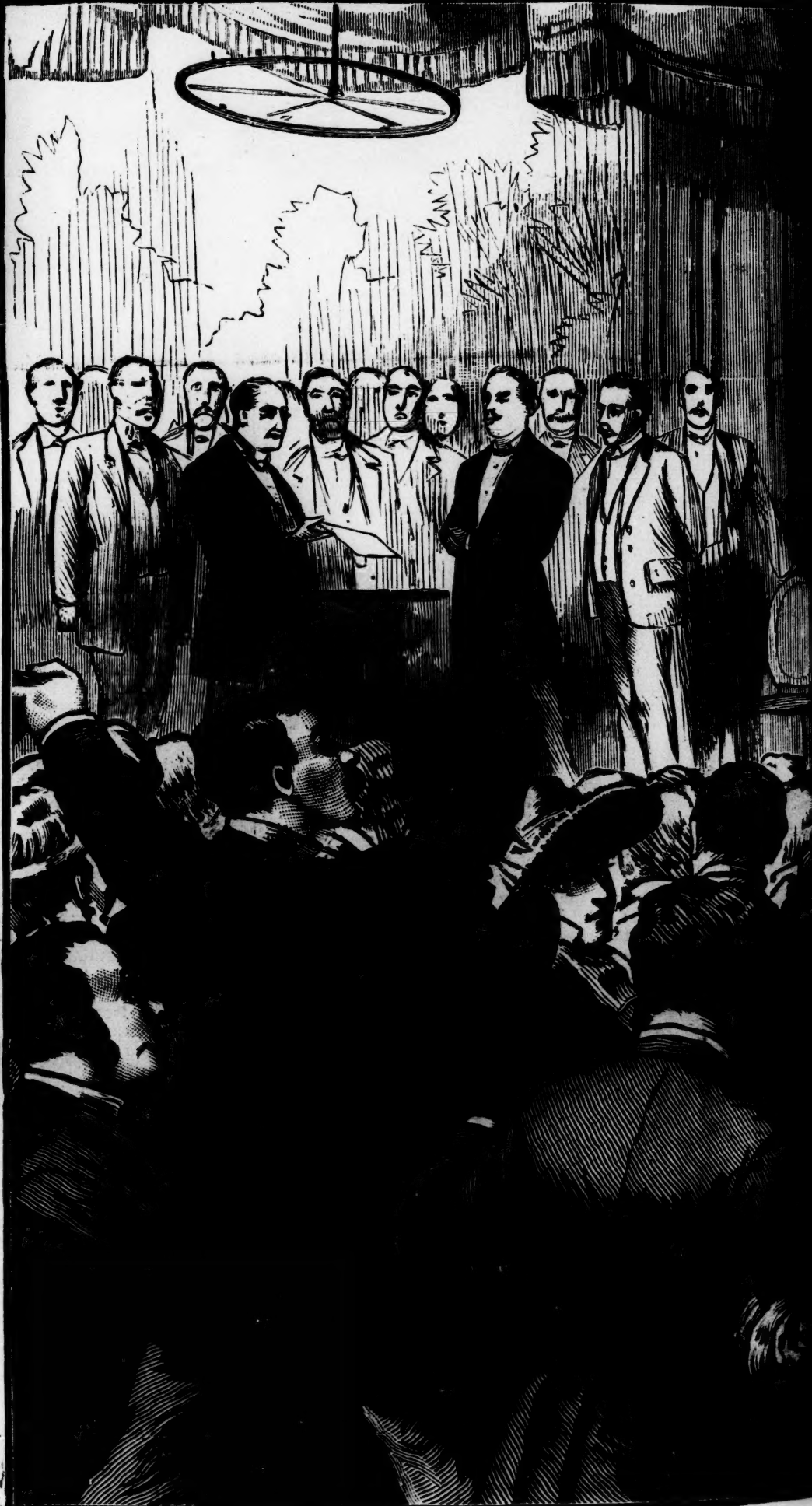
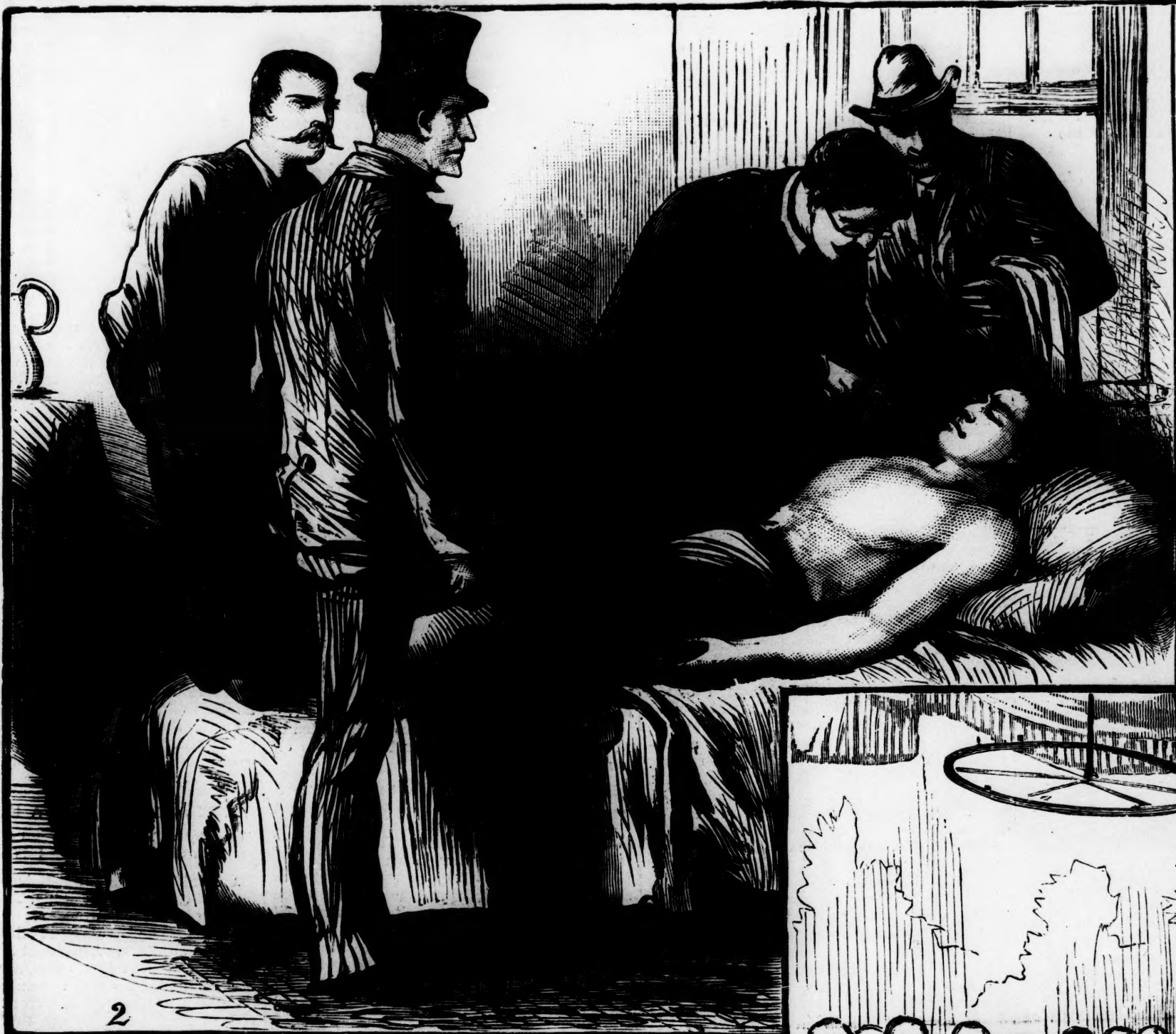
John Wilson, an old farmer of Taunton, is accused of treating his daughter, a young woman aged 19, with unparalleled brutality. He had a thoroughly agricultural way of disciplining her for such womanly faults as flirting or lingering at the front gate with her beau. He had tried to make her shake off the young man for more than a year. He had branded her with hot irons, had kept her in her room a week on bread and water, had beaten her with a rawhide, but all in vain, for one night only a fortnight ago he caught her again throwing kisses to the young farmer who had won her affections. Then old Wilson flew into a rage and determined to give her such a punishment as would effectually cure her of her liking for the young man.

He tied a rope around her neck, hitched the couple of plow horses to it and dragged her across a field in the most brutal manner possible. He was so enraged that he paid for this act of violence. The poor girl paid the fine out of her own earnings, and carried her loving old father back to her home.

"LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG."

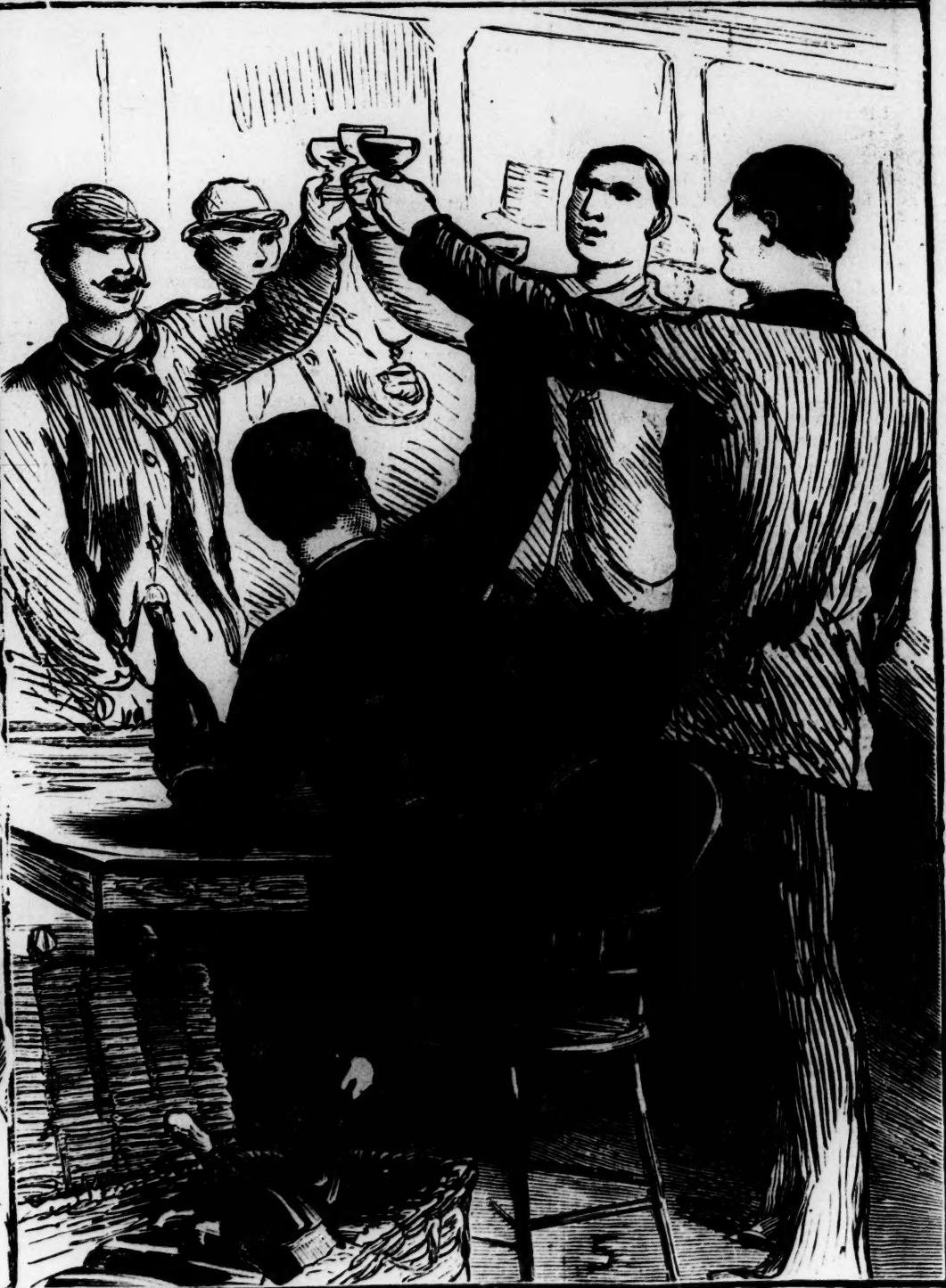
[Subject of Illustration.]

Among the fair horsewomen who exercise their steeds upon the road in New York is one, the daughter of a wealthy merchant, whose constant escort is a pet pug. Perched on her saddle in front of her tiny brute preserves his balance by the exercise of equilibrium which would do credit to a mountebank, ready to resent any attempt on the part of a stranger to escort his mistress in the promptest manner. It is a clear case of "love me, love my dog," and few indeed are permitted by master Gyp to aspire to the favor of his mistress, though there are no end of members of our jennesse doree who would be only too well pleased to conciliate both.



"TO THE VICTOR BE

Gleanings from the Great Championship Battle Field by Police Gazette Special Artists.—1.—John L. Sullivan, Heavy-Weight Champion. 2.—Friends in the Ring. 4.—Spectators of the Battle from the Private Boxes. 5.—The Champion and Ex-Champion.



R BELONGS THE SPOILS!"

Weight Champion of the World. 2.—Ryan at His Quarters After the Fight. 3.—The New Champion Receiving the Congratulations of His Ex-Champion Drink One Another's Health. 6.—Referee Harry Hill Handing over the Stake Money on the Stage of his Theatre.

HUSH MONEY; OR, THE MURDER IN THE AIR.

BY OSCAR SATTERLEE, P. D.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARRIED BUT NOT MARRIED.

The judge surveyed the unexpected witness sharply while she performed the necessary ceremony of establishing her competency to give evidence, and the survey drew a smile of approval into his plump face. When she had finished he began abruptly but not rudely:

"You say you are aware of the identity of the murderer from whom this prisoner says he received this money?"

"I do, sir," responded the witness in a placid voice which spoke well for her command over herself.

"Do you know the prisoner?"

"I met him last night and begged aid from him. He fed me when I was on the verge of starvation."

A murmur ran through the audience, in which even the judge joined. It was indeed an amazing confession to come from a dashing, elegant and pretty woman: that she had been rescued from famine by such a saviour as John Smith, whose squalid shabbiness, her gay attire rendered tenfold shabbier to look upon. The prisoner interpreted the exclamation correctly and commented on it with a grim, sardonic smile. The judge, who had been consulting some papers on his desk, said:

"There is a memorandum by the police of a female companion whom this man had when he was arrested and who escaped."

"I am that female," replied the witness, calmly.

"How is it you permitted him to be charged with murder when you knew the real criminal then?"

"I did not know the real criminal until today."

"How did you discover him?"

"Through his victim."

"You recognized her?"

"Yes."

"And who was she?"

The witness shrugged her shoulders.

"My rival," she replied.

"Your rival?"

"My rival and successor."

"Was the assassin a sweetheart of yours, then?"

"He was my husband."

"And the victim was his mistress?"

"She was his wife."

It required the combined efforts of all the court officers to restore order at this enigmatical announcement. When the clamor had been silenced the witness detailed in rapid and eloquent sentences her meeting with John Smith, the events in the restaurant, his arrest, her falling in with Vinton and that which had followed up to the time of her appearance there. The judge endeavored in vain to interrupt the flow of her narrative, but she was warmed up and could not be stayed. When she had concluded the magistrate scratched his head and then drummed on his desk with his fingers.

"There is only one way to get along with a woman on the witness stand," he said, "and that is to let her talk. As long as you keep to the subject of the evidence you may go on."

"I will not utter a word that will not be of value, I assure you, sir," was the reply.

"Then tell your story your own way."

Margaret Martindale's evidence, given upon this permission in a clear and steady voice and without hesitation save at a few points where passion or emotion influenced her utterance, was as follows:

"I am the daughter of a sea captain and was born and brought up at Grayport, Long Island. I am eighteen years of age. Four years ago my father died and left me to the care of our old friend, a retired captain like himself. My guardian was a bachelor, living in a big old farmhouse near the sea with a couple of old sailor servants. In leaving me to his care my father also left a little money, a few thousand dollars to be harvested for me until I married."

"Grayport is quite a resort for gentlemen from New York on fishing parties and at Captain Chuff's house a couple of rooms were always rented in the summer time to such visitors. In the summer of 1877 two gentlemen came to the house together. They were, however, strangers to one another, having met upon the cars. Each had a letter to my guardian from gentlemen who had been with him before and he received them as guests accordingly."

"One of these gentlemen was a New York merchant; his name was Martindale. The other was a young man from the south who had come north to spend the summer."

"As the only lady in the house I met these gentlemen at every meal and it was not long before we became good friends. As the summer wore on one of them began to seriously court me. It was Mr. Martindale."

"I listened to and believed him and at the commencement of September we were married."

"We were married under peculiar circumstances. Mr. Martindale told me that he was one of a firm whose members were pledged not to marry until they reached the age of forty. This pledge was a mere whim, entered upon when they succeeded their fathers to the business and had no legal value. Mr. Martindale did not, however, wish his partners to know that he had violated it, being sensitive to the ridicule his weakness, as they would call it, would provoke. He arranged, therefore, that we should keep our union secret for a little time until he could settle up and dispose of his share in the business and go to Europe. I agreed."

"We were accordingly married by a clergyman, a friend of his, who visited Grayport with a yachting party from New York. We were married on board of the yacht, the gentleman who owned her and the captain being the witnesses."

"In the middle of September Mr. Martindale came to New York. A month later he wrote for me to come to him. I left in secret, without a sign of my departure or of my destination. To this day I am believed at Grayport to have become a—"

The witness paused for a moment, leaving her sentence incomplete. A passionate emotion shook her frame but her eyes were dry. She recovered herself with an effort and went on:

"Mr. Martindale had prepared a handsome flat for my reception, with a servant to take care of it. We lived there as man and wife under the name of Martin. Mr. Martindale spending a couple of nights a week at his lodgings to avert suspicion, as he put it. For some months our life was smooth and pleasant. No suspicion obtruded itself on me. I believed in my husband and anticipated no harm through him. But towards the summer of 1878 he became less regular in his habits and less attentive to me. When I remarked upon it he blamed his business, saying that the trouble he experienced in getting it settled up engrossed him to the exclusion even of his duty to me."

"But it will not be for long, darling," he said, "we shall soon be able to say good-bye to America and this double life of ours."

"Again I believed him and the farce went on. In the summer of 1878 he sent me to a little watering place on the Sound. At first he visited me several times a week. Then he restricted his visits to Saturdays, coming down in the evenings and returning to New York on Monday morning. Finally even these periods were encroached on. Sometimes a Saturday would slip by bringing only a telegram to notify me that he could not get away from business for a week longer. By this time my suspicions were aroused and when I returned to New York I called him to account."

The witness paused again and the judge perceiving the necessity of helping her out questioned her for the first time since she had started.

"Well," he said, "and with what result?"

The witness shrugged her shoulders.

"The old one, still the old one. Business, business, business. I must have patience—and fool that I was I had it."

"For how long?"

"For three months more. What could I do? I had no friend to confide in or seek advice from. I was thrown entirely on myself for counsel and the only advice I could give myself was to stick to him and hope that what he told me was the truth."

"Why did you not write to your guardian?"

"I dared not; I was ashamed. I would rather have died."

The witness broke down for the first time and buried her face in her hands, sobbing convulsively. Most of the women in the audience were sobbing, too. They anticipated the end of this romance of real life and sympathized with its heroine. Their lamentations had the effect of putting an end to the emotion of the witness, who looking up with a proud start, as if resenting the commiseration of the rabble, went on:

"Last December my common sense, which had been awakening within me, began to tear the veil from my besotted eyes. I appreciated and acknowledged the fact that I had ceased to interest my husband or own a place in his heart. He now visited me only at long intervals. He still furnished me with money but it generally came by messenger. When the truth settled on me I faced him with his infidelity. He evaded the accusation and I pressed it. Then he lost his temper and turning on me said:

"Well, if you must know it you shall. Upon what basis do you rest your demand that I shall continue to live with you as I once did?"

"Upon the basis of your duty to me," I replied.

"My duty to you," he repeated sneeringly.

"Your duty to your wife, then," I said.

"He laughed a bitter, mocking laugh that cut to my heart like a knife."

"You will have to invent another reason than that," he said, "here, read this."

"And he handed me a scrap cut from a newspaper with a date written on it in pencil. The date was sometime in September, 1877. The paragraph in which it was appended chronicled the loss, with all hands on board, of the yacht *Cyane* at sea."

"Like a flash the whole truth opened to me now. It was on the *Cyane* that we had been married. The only scrap of evidence of that

marriage was an informal certificate written by the minister on a sheet of note paper and which in my blind confidence I had permitted that villain to keep. He therefore held the only proof of our marriage in his possession and the sea had swallowed up the witnesses who might have righted me against him."

"When I came to myself he was gone. On the table was a heap of bank notes and a golden locket in which he had carried my portrait. His photograph, which had been hanging on the wall, was a heap of ashes in the grate."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE BROUGHT HER PERFUMERY.

A Very Thin Story Told by an Amorous Druggist of Denver, Col.

[With Portrait.]

The first society of Denver, Colo., has been shaken to its centre within the past week or two by a scandal which has involved a lady of high standing and abundant wealth. The lady is the wife of a well known contractor and has occupied with her husband the finest apartments in the city, located on Curtis street. The parties have been married a couple of years and the husband was very indulgent, gratifying every whim of his wife no matter how extravagant it might be. He had no idea she was crooked; but she was, and it was only by the veriest accident he discovered her little racket. This is how it came about.

One Sunday morning the husband told his wife that he was going to take a trip to the southern part of the State and that he would be absent for a week or ten days. He packed his valise, kissed her good-bye and started out. He went to the depot but finding there was no train going out he started back. As he was returning he met two gentleman friends and they proposed a carriage ride. The husband consented if the two gentlemen would accompany him to his room so that he could leave his valise. The three went up to the house and the husband, turning the knob to enter, found the door bolted and admittance barred. He could hear some one moving in the room and he knocked in an imperative and convincing manner.

After a brief delay the door was opened a few inches and the face of his wife appeared at the door. She was taken completely by surprise on seeing her husband and started back as if shocked by electricity. The husband instantly pushed the door open and entered, without the slightest suspicion that there was anything wrong.

The panorama that was spread out before his gaze was anything but pleasant to him and his mortification was doubly increased because of the fact that his disgrace should be witnessed by his two friends. Standing near the door, pale with terror, stood his wife, her clothing disarranged and her hair hanging in wild profusion down her back. In the centre of the room, seated upon a chair, was a young man, the druggist referred to. He was unknown to the husband and the latter demanded to know what he was doing in his wife's room with the doors locked and her toilet disarranged. The young man offered in explanation that he was a druggist and that he had come up to the room to bring the last some perfumery and toilet articles.

This was too thin and the druggist was told to skip, while the husband's friends, went off roaring and the wife went into a flood of tears. There is a divorce suit on the tapis. We present this week a portrait of B. A. Bissell, the druggist who is suspected as the party in question, from his reputation for previous gallantries of this sort.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Billings, Coolings, Wrangles and Divorces of the Married and the Too-Much Married.

Two years ago Frank La Monte, then 20 years old, was forced to marry a young woman named Jennie Slee, of Chicago, who had a baby which she alleged was his. After living two years as a Benedict, La Monte has concluded that the child isn't his after all, and kicks against the matrimonial harness. The affair is in the courts on the suit of the wife and the mothers of the unhappy pair are conducting hostilities to the bitter end.

Last week Judge Tuley, of Chicago, divorced Emma Steinmetz from Albert, her husband. She had lived with him long enough to have five children and had taken all that time to discover that her husband was her father's brother.

SIMON STEEN, the bridegroom who failed to appear at the wedding he had agreed to between himself and a Hebrew belle of Philadelphia, Miss Anna Lederman, married her privately last week. He didn't go before because there were preparations for a grand wedding and he felt bashful. Never mind, Simon, your wife will cure you of that.

DURING the past two weeks the highway robbers of Indianapolis, Ind., have made a big record. They have scored two murders and fifty broken heads among their victims. The favorite weapon has been the sand bag—the noiseless terrible weapon always the favorite of the footpad. Not an arrest has been made. One victim, Oliver T. Boaz, has been made idiotic by a blow received on the head from a sandbag in the hands of one of these unknown robbers, and cannot give any account of the assault.

CROOKED CAPERS.

Scrapes and Scandals of all Sorts and from all Quarters.

BEDIZENED and bejewelled dames, agents of the fashionable bagnios of New York, are scouting Pennsylvania and Ohio in the country regions, tempting young girls of from 15 to 20 to run away from home and lead a life of indolence, ease and sin in the metropolis. Look out for them. They figure as grand ladies of wealth from the city and are very plausible.

GILBERT ALLEN, of Brooklyn, was sued last week by his wife for divorce. She alleges that he was too intimate with a certain Maggie Moore. He avers in retort that one day in September last he went to his business leaving his wife ostensibly sick in bed, but on his return found that she had left the house, cleaning out all the furniture and leaving him the bare walls, having been induced to do so by one Oscar Conklin.

THE fair young widow Oliver, of Buffalo, tried to play with two amorous strings to her bow and found herself in hot water in consequence. Her oldest suitor, named Sylvester, learning that she was trying to "shake him" haunted her house for a week laying for the other fellow and finally one night last week, being filled with fire water, proposed to enter the house and carry her off like young Loch-invar. She wouldn't be carried for a cent, however, but made a desperate fight that resulted in the swooping down of the police, who bore Sylvester off to the station house. And now Love languishes in a dungeon cell and Venus wears a black eye.

HERE is the story that a young girl, Miss Fannie L. Caverly, of Ottawa, Ill., tells by way of accounting for her baby, which appeared in a causeless way, according to her, that is not a whit behind the most authenticated miracle on record. She protested that it couldn't be anything but dropsy that made her go to waist and wouldn't believe the real state of affairs until she had seen the baby. Then in casting about for a cause and a father she settled on Dr. J. H. Campfield, the regular family physician, who had been attending her for a trifling female complaint. She concluded that he must have drugged and taken advantage of her. The doctor says he didn't but Miss Fannie retorts with the clincher, "Where did the baby come from then?" It will take a learned judge and twelve good men and true to decide whether Fannie's baby is a miracle or is one of the *materia medica*.

RECORDS OF "BAD MEN."

A String of Villainies that make Angels Weep and the Imps of Satan Grin.

A "BULL-WHACKER" named John Lewis, attempted last week to take possession of the rancho belonging to Mrs. John Hughes. She objected and tried to eject him, whereupon he shot her in the back and mounting a horse made his escape. A party of cowboys is in pursuit.

Two brothers named Gross, residing at Saxeville, Wisconsin, had a lawsuit for some property, and the younger was beaten. Thereupon young Gross armed himself with a revolver, and taking his stand at his elder brother's bedroom window, opened fire at midnight on him and his wife while they were asleep in bed. The first shot awoke the elder Gross and his wife and they started to run out. A second bullet, however, pierced his spine, and he fell mortally wounded. The woman rushed out of doors, set the dog on the murderer and attacked him with an axe. The battle lasted five minutes and ended in the death of the dog. Eight shots were fired and the murderer desisted only when his cartridges gave out. He has been sought in vain by the sheriff and his merry men.

Many times at a Kentucky dance on the 1st inst. W. T. Nickell, U. S. bailiff, went to a ball in the house of Martin Cox, in Elliott County, Ky. He brought with him a gang of friends with the view of "cleaning out the boys." This party assumed control of the dance and made all the pretty girls accept them as partners to the exclusion of their beaux. At last Lee Toliver objected and being knocked down, drew his little revolver and bored a little hole through the body of Mr. Nickell that let out his little soul. Toliver was shot twice in the shoulder by Nickell's friends and was pursued by a crowd of men but got away.

E. E. MERRILL.

[With Portrait.]

E. E. Merrill, the well-known amateur walker, was born in Wentworth, N. H., Aug. 20, 1852. He made his first appearance as a walker in 1878. He first appeared in a 25-mile walk in Madison Square Garden, New York, which he won. During the last year he visited England and created quite an impression on our English cousins by his fair gait. He holds the best amateur record in the world for one mile—6m. 38½s., made in New York. While in England he beat the best time for a mile walking the distance in 6m. 39½s. Merrill also holds the best records for various other distances from one to ten miles. He is a genuine amateur and a jeweler by trade, and has been a resident of Boston since his boyhood. He is at present a member of the Union Athletic Club of the "Hub," and has held the championship of America for several years.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

What Sullivan and Ryan Have to Say About Themselves and the Championship Fight.

Interviews with the Gladiators, and Reminiscences of the "Good Old Times" Recalled by the Incidents of the Great Combat.

Paddy Ryan, Sullivan, and most of the excursionists to Mississippi City have returned to their homes. A few, however, who witnessed the fight are said to be making their way to the north over very bad roads.

Ryan was accompanied home by a number of sturdy friends who refused to desert him in his hour of defeat. Paddy accepted the situation gamely and indulged in no unmanly regrets. His conduct was extolled. Said he to a representative of the GAZETTE while on the way to New York:

"Of course I would have been proud had I won, but to speak candidly, I do not care so much for myself as I do for the friends who lost their money by backing me. But the result was one of the fortunes of war and I hope it has not cost me a friend. I certainly did my level best. My backer, Mr. Richard K. Fox, took his medicine like a man and was the first to send me a despatch, saying if I needed assistance to notify him at once. I hear that he has lost several thousand dollars on the fight."

Ryan seemed leashed when he was informed that the proprietor of the GAZETTE had no fault to find with his conduct.

"I hope he will have better luck with the next man he matches," said Ryan. "I thought I could win but I'm obliged to confess that no man who is ruptured as I am has any business in the prize ring."

"How does Sullivan's hitting compare with that of other fighters whom you have faced?" asked a veteran sport sitting in a seat opposite Ryan.

"I never faced a man who could begin to hit as hard, and I don't believe there is another man like him in the country. One thing is certain, any man that Sullivan can hit he can whip. Before he is downed he must either be met by a man who is as hard at hitting as he is, or by some wonderfully clever boxer. Such a man as Mace, if younger, might defeat Sullivan, but no slouch can do it."

"Why did you think you could defeat Sullivan?" the GAZETTE man asked.

"Well, in the first place I thought that I had an advantage in the way of experience. Then I knew that I was a pretty fair wrestler and I hoped to break him up with falls. It was the wrestling which displaced the truss I wear. Some people have got very wild notions concerning Sullivan. I have heard it said dozens of times that he can't box. It is true that he is not what could be fairly called a brilliant boxer, but on the whole he spars about as well as the general run of pugilists. And he's not half as clumsy as some people say. Hasn't he knocked our best sparrers out with the gloves?"

"What do you consider Sullivan's strong points?"

"It may seem a strange way of answering the question," replied Paddy, with a smile, "but he is strongest in his strength. He is a wonderful man, physically, and seems to have been built for a fighter; and he can hit hard enough to break down any man's guard that I know of. I see that his trainer, Billy Madden, says that when Sullivan had his measure taken for his ring costume his solid, or skin measure, was breast measure 43 1/2 inches; waist, 37 inches; hips, 42 3/4 inches; thigh, 25 inches; calf, 16 1/2 inches."

"He has a wonderfully large pair of hands," remarked the veteran opposite Ryan.

"Well, I should say he had," remarked Ryan with a grim smile. "Speaking of hands reminds me of that saying which old sporting men frequently repeat—that natural fighters always have small hands. I believe it is true that Sayers, Heenan, Yankee Sullivan, and some of the best fighters all had comparatively small hands, but you know there is an exception to every rule; I shouldn't be surprised if Sullivan proved to be one of the exceptions. I see, by the way, that some of the papers call Sullivan 'Yankee' after the old time hero."

"Yes, but the Boston Boy's way of fighting is not like Yankee's at all," broke in the old veteran. "Yankee was a tricky fighter. I remember when he fought Bell, on Hart's Island, in 1842. Bell was a professor of boxing from Brooklyn. In the early part of the fight Bell got Sullivan in a tight place across the ropes. 'Let me go, Bell, I'm done,' says Yankee. Bell started to go back to his corner, and while his back was turned Yankee gave him a terrible blow behind the ear. When Yankee fought Tom Secor he kept going down nearly every round. And he was cunning, too, was Yankee. For instance, when he fought Vince Hammond, in 1841, near Philadelphia, Yankee got a clip in the mouth which cut the inside of his lip. There was a barrel of money on the question as to who would win first blood. What does Yankee do but close his lips tight and rush at Hammond. He cut Hammond's cheek open, and after first blood was allowed him, he spat a mouthful of blood in his corner. Oh, no; John Sullivan is not Jim Sullivan, by any means."

"What have you to say of your treatment by the sporting people of the South?" inquired the GAZETTE man of Ryan, in time to shut off the old veteran from another flood of reminiscences.

"I was well treated by everyone, barring the thief who stole \$300 out of my clothes when I was getting fixed up just after the fight. But I guess that fellow wasn't from the South," said Paddy.

"You had better treatment than old Deaf Burke had when he fought near New Orleans in 1837," exclaimed the veteran. "The old man was fighting Sam O'Rourke and getting the best of the fight, when a gang started in to lay him out. Old Burke succeeded in getting a bowie knife with which he kept the gang away until he reached a horse. He was glad enough to mount the horse and gallop away. The Deaf 'un thought he was a goner, sure."

"You have said that you are through with prize fighting, Paddy," said the GAZETTE man.

"Yes, I am through. I don't care to continue in the business unless at the top of the heap. What benefit would it be to me to whip any but the best man on the turf? Well, I know two persons who will be glad I am through," remarked Paddy.

"And they are—"

"My wife and mother. And there is one thing would please me, too."

"What?"

"I'd like to see some of these men who think that Sullivan can't fight in the ring and test him. You know there are lots of people who look on a fight as others do on two men playing billiards. They can tell how the game

should be played but can't play themselves worth a cent."

"Have you any plans for the future?"

"I haven't made up my mind exactly as to what I shall do but I hope to get to work soon. I may open a saloon." Upon returning to New York Ryan, proceeded immediately to the GAZETTE office and paid his respects to his backer, Mr. Richard K. Fox.

"I'm sorry I lost your money," said Ryan as he gave Mr. Fox a hearty grip.

"If you worry about it as little as I do you won't keep awake nights," replied Ryan's backer with a laugh.

Ryan returned thanks for the treatment he had received. He spoke in his characteristically manly way and his statements were such as to convince his backer that he had lost the battle simply because it was impossible for him to win it. His face still bore the marks of the desperate battle in which he had taken part.

Concerning his antagonist Ryan had no words of discredit. He said that he had been invited to remain in New Orleans for the purpose of receiving a benefit but owing to private affairs he had received deemed it advisable to leave, thus avoiding arrest.

Before leaving New Orleans the representative of the GAZETTE called on Sullivan. The Boston boy was in excellent spirits and gave no evidences of having received any injury. Billy Madden, his trainer, looked upon Sullivan as if he was very proud of his pupil. He said:

"There he is, ready to fight any man in the world."

"The world is wide," said the GAZETTE man.

"Yes, and if it was twice as wide we would match John all the same. I'm sorry for Paddy but you know both men couldn't win," said Billy.

"What is the next thing on the cards for Sullivan?"

"A challenge to the world. He may go through the country and afterwards will probably go to England with a challenge."

"Did the fight last longer or shorter than you expected?"

"I believe in giving every man his just due," replied Sullivan modestly. "Ryan is a game man but I was sure of downing him from the start. When the first round was over I knew I had him."

"Didn't you feel a trifle nervous on the second?"

"You may think it strange but I didn't. I had perfect confidence that I could win. I had confidence in my trainers and I was confident that the fight would be a square one. The outsiders gave us a fair show and that was all I wanted. So far as Ryan is concerned I want to say this: I've had several good men who couldn't fight me four rounds with the gloves. Ryan fought me nine rounds with bare knuckles."

"Do you expect to fight soon?"

"I don't know any more than you do about that," was the reply. "I understand that a hunt is being already made for some one to stand up against me. All I can say is that unless something extraordinary happens to me I shall be ready for all comers. I want to say this about Mr. Fox, of the GAZETTE, he has been the means of bringing about a square fight and helped to have it come off on time instead of trying to delay it as has often been done in other matches."

While it is evident from Sullivan's manner that he is very jubilant success does not appear to have overbalanced his judgment. That he has not indulged in unmanly glorification over the defeat of his antagonist is pointed to as an evidence that he is possessed of the true spirit of a game fighter.

Mr. James Keenan, the sturdy backer of Sullivan from Boston, said in referring to the fight:

"I am one of those who have a right to say that I was not surprised at the result. From the start I was sure John would win. Let me call your attention to a fact or two. When Dwyer was matched to fight Jimmy Elliott some of the old experts said that Dwyer couldn't win, that he was only a clever boxer and remarkably heavy hitter. Like Sullivan he had knocked some of the best men out with the gloves, but then it was not to be expected that he would defeat a man who had fought in the ring with bare fists. What was the result? Why, Dwyer knocked Elliott to pieces in short order just as Sullivan did Ryan. Two fights nearly alike—both short. I've seen a great many fighters, but I tell you that Sullivan is a wonder and he will keep improving if he takes care of himself."

John Walsh, the veteran New Orleans turfite, said:

"The fight in many respects reminded me of the old time contests. First it was attended by the old guardmen came two and three thousand miles to see the battle simply because they had faith in the backers of the men. It was known that Mr. Fox, of the GAZETTE, was determined to have a fair fight if the expenditure of money could bring about such a result and so there was no fear that there would be a fizzle. Mr. Fox's generous act in telegraphing Ryan after the fight to call on him for pecuniary assistance if needed proves plainly that he did not make the match merely for the purpose of making money."

"What do you think of Sullivan as a fighter?"

"I think that Ryan is lucky to have escaped with his life. That boy from Boston is liable to kill a man with a blow. I was afraid that we would have an ending like the Lilly and McCoy fight."

"Will you give me a sketch of that fight?"

The old man took a hearty pull at the mug of ale on the table before him and then started:

"Chris Lilly was from Liverpool and Tom McCoy hailed from Ireland. They fought Sept. 13, 1842, on the Hudson river between Hastings and Yonkers. The match grew out of a growl in the Bowery when Lilly knocked McCoy down for refusing to spar with him. Lilly was seconded by Country McClusky, the man who fought Tom Hyer, and by Bill Ford. Yankee Sullivan was present as a friend of Chris McCoy, who was seconded by Jim Sanford for one. I don't remember the other. Chris fouled McCoy but the latter's backer insisted that the fight should go on. One hundred and twenty desperate rounds were fought, McCoy was suffering terrible punishment. On the 120th round Chris threw McCoy and fell on him. Ten minutes after McCoy was a dead man. Sullivan was sent to prison for two years, and Lilly got off with a fine of \$500."

"What became of Lilly?"

"He was one of Walker's filibusters, was captured and shot."

Barney Aaron when questioned said to the GAZETTE man:

"I told you before the fight that Ryan would lose. Paddy is a nice fellow but as a fighter he never amounted to much, because he never could hit hard to hurt."

Ex-Alderman Nick Langan, a gentleman who has witnessed the best battles fought in this country during the last thirty years, reluctantly submitted to an interview. Finally, he said:

"I used to think that Ryan could fight, but I'm satisfied that he can't fight even a little bit when you compare him to such men as old man Morrissey, Heenan and fighters of their calibre. You know the old saying some men cannot hit hard enough to make a hole in a pound of butter. Well, I see that Sullivan is not injured in the least, although Ryan was the heaviest and largest of the two. In one of the rounds when Ryan hit Sullivan the latter dropped his hands. Then was the time to lick him

and if Ryan was a man of Morrissey's stamina he would. Why didn't he go back when Johnny Roche said 'go at him Paddy'? Because he was weak, eh? Well, the old timers didn't get weak so easy."

"What do you think of Sullivan as a fighter?"

"He is unquestionably a hard hitter, but I don't think that he is by a long way the greatest fighter that his friends say. I think he will be downed whenever he fights a good man. It isn't a hundred dollars to a cent that old Coburn, despite his age and imprisonment, couldn't lick Sullivan. Sullivan had a soft thing on Ryan because Paddy didn't improve his opportunities. Look at the difference between Morrissey's behavior for instance, and Ryan's. In Heenan's fight with Morrissey, the old man in the first few rounds was punished terribly. Old Smoke would get a smash in the face like a kick from a mule and how did he take it? Why he would give a snort and go back. He kept going back and won the battle. Ryan hadn't Old Smoke's heart, however. As for Sullivan, mark my words, it won't be long before he is downed."

Charley Perkins, of Rochester, N. Y., in an interview about the battle says Ryan lost the fight owing to an injury to his truss. He claims that the POLICE GAZETTE champion would have won had he been supplied with a truss like the one brought from New York. He said Ryan should have stopped fighting when the truss gave way. Perkins is well known all over the country and has appeared in public with John C. Heenan years ago.

Harry Hill said "Ryan acted like a man in a dream during the fight. As for Sullivan, the only man I can think of at present who can fight him is Jim Mace."

"As for Ryan, why, he didn't show any judgment whatever."

"What do you think of Sullivan's merits as a fighter?"

"You want my candid, impartial opinion of the two men Ryan and Sullivan? Mind I am not speaking of their social qualities now but their merits as fighters. I believe they are both well liked, and as for Ryan particularly he appears to make friends wherever he goes."

"They may be the most agreeable men in the world and even at that amount to little as fighters," said the GAZETTE man.

"Oh, yes, urbanity doesn't count in the qualities of a fighter. A man may or may not be a good sociable fellow to be a rattler in a mill. That doesn't count either way."

Now that the fight is over—a fight which he would not have taken place had it not been for the stand taken by Mr. Richard K. Fox—a brief review of the fizzes of the past will prove of interest.

Whenever a prize fight is talked of nowadays the first questions asked are, "Do you think it will take place? Will they fight on the level? Another barney, eh?" The reason for all this is that there have been more barneys than level fights during the past ten years and St. Louis has been specially favored in this connection. There was a day when the experts of the manly art were looked up to and when a country went with its representative.

When Heenan crossed the water to face the English champion, Tom Sayers, the heart of every American was with the Benicia Boy and all England was with Sayers. To-day representatives of the two countries might meet without the question of their nativity being brought forward at all. Now it matters not whether a man be Briton or Celt, American or Canadian, so that he can handle his mawley better than his opponent and win the money at stake. The money is what men fight for now, not the glory. And right here is the cause of the barneys that have disgraced the ring.

Perhaps the first barney of all was the meeting between Sayers and Heenan. The latter gave the plucky Englishman a terrible beating but Sayers fought on. At one time one of his arms hung limp and lifeless and his friends thought it was broken and he a beaten man. It seemed as though the battle was lost to him when the ropes were cut, the ring was broken into and the battle declared a draw.

McCooole and Coburn came near scoring the second barney in the real history of pugilism. The two trained in New York, McCooole with Cock-eyed Elliott, who was matched to fight Jim Dunne. The battle ground was Charlotte, Cecil County, Md. On the way to the fight Coburn's friends received a telegram from Price, a Washington lawyer who had a large amount at stake. This said: "I will be there with many friends. Coburn can't lose. I will be referee."

Price kept his word and was there with the mob but the latter did not interfere, for Coburn had the best of the mill from the start and won in 67 rounds, occupying 1h. 10m. In this match McCooole weighed 20 pounds more than Coburn.

These two happenings, the only ones occurring out of the west at about that time, are as nothing compared to the barneys that were engineered by members of the fraternity who then made St. Louis their headquarters, occasionally assisted by the Eastern men.

The first of these was the second fight in which McCooole and Coburn faced each other. This time the place of meeting was Cold Spring Station, Ind., the date May 27, 1868, the stakes, \$5,000 a side and the championship. The western men rallied to the support of McCooole this time, and felt confident of his winning. When the day for the fight drew near Coburn found himself below weight while McCooole was in fine fix. It was dollars to cents that he would win. But this must not be. The authorities were called upon and McCooole was arrested the day before the fight. Coburn then captured upon the day named for the mill and while he was en route for the ring.

Each was sentenced to forty days' imprisonment in jail at Lawrenceburg, Ind., but they were liberated on July 3. In the meanwhile each side received back its money, while the admirers of the principals denounced them for contributing to the fizzle, and outsiders asserted that the two never meant to fight.

The fight which shook St. Louis was the great battle of June 15, 1869, when Mike McCooole and Tom Allen stepped into the ring that the fancy had pitched for them on Foster's Island, near that city. The amount at stake was \$1,000 a side, but this was nothing compared with the outside money up and the feeling over the affair. McCooole had hosts of friends out that way. Allen was a stranger, an Englishman who had been sent there to Billy Carroll as one willing to fight any man at any time. Of course, the crowd at the ring side were with McCooole, but he was no match for Allen. Nine rounds were fought and in that time Allen nearly murdered his opponent. But the mob could not afford to let Allen win. Jack Smith, who stood near the ropes, pulled up a stake and hit Allen in the eye with it.

This was the signal for a regular advance of the McCooole guard. They cut the ropes, got into the ring, and then sticking pistols and knives under the nose of Val McKinney, the referee, they told him they would end his career if he did not decide in favor of McCooole. McKinney, being a Western man with a good deal of nerve, refused to scare or decide the question at issue. But notwithstanding this fact the fight was up. That night Jack Looney and Tom Kehoe called upon McKinney. They had heard that money was what he wanted and not

knives and pistols. He named \$700 and they acceded to his terms, paying him \$300 of the amount down. He decided then in favor of McCooole, but was sorry afterward for he never received the balance of the \$700.

The match between Charley Gallagher and Tom Allen, fought fifty miles from St. Louis, August 17, 1869, was another barney. Larry Wessel, a St. Louis livery stable keeper, was the referee at this fight, and he knew nothing about the rules of the ring. The stakes in this match were \$1,000 a side, and the mob was all with Gallagher. Allen whipped the latter as he liked, but it would not do to allow him the fight. Jack Looney was looking for a way out of the wilderness. His friends had put their money on Gallagher. Tom Kelly, who was seconding Gallagher, was given the wink by Looney, and he tossed the sponge in the air. Allen, imagining that this meant that Gallagher had had enough, walked forward, as is usual in such cases to shake hands with the defeated candidate. As Allen came forward with hand extended in friendly fashion Gallagher smashed at him and Allen, thinking that a general attack was to be made, upon him, jumped the ropes and fled from the scene.

Then the referee was surrounded and requested to give the fight to Gallagher. He was inclined to call it a draw, but being pressed, he said that as Allen had jumped the ropes before the decision was made he would decide in favor of Gallagher, but if both parties were willing, he would call it a draw. Gallagher was manly enough to accede to this proposition and the fight was declared a draw. The meeting at which this decision was made was held at a then well-known sporting resort on Fourth street.

On the way to this fight two roughs quarrelled upon the excursion steamer. They were allowed to try their powers at rough and tumble on the boiler-deck, and went at it with such a will that they were not parted until they struck the river's bed. They were dragged out more drowned than alive.

The greatest battle of the year 1870 was that between Tom Allen and Jim Mace, the English champion. The stakes this time were \$2,500 a side and the milling place near New Orleans. Allen knew Mace and knew he stood no show of whipping him. But he concluded to meet his English cousin, for in any event half the excursion money was his. Allen for this fight trained at the Wash Home in Ellettsville, but that he was not attending strictly to business was proven two or three days before he left for the training point, when he was seen drunk and hilarious.

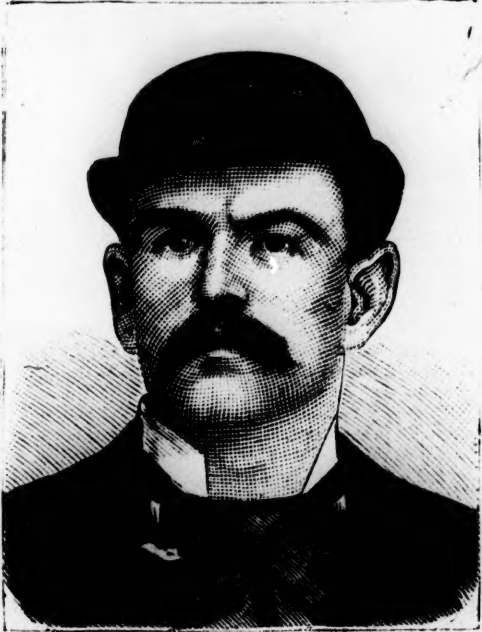
When he met Mace he was in no condition at all; usually fighting at 175 pounds, he then entered the ring weighing 185. Billy Carroll and another St. Louisan were at Allen's back. They saw Mace slug the life nearly out of their man but they were afraid to cry enough, for the crowd by the ring side went to see a fight and the men peg away to the end. At last fortune favored Allen. Mace threw him and he lay upon the ground and groaned. He said his arm was broken. Carroll knew it was not broken but told Allen to play it good, for the crowd might string them both up. He played it good and Mace was given the fight. Allen played the piano that night with both hands, something he could not have done if his arm had been broken. But he got half the excursion money, which he had to divide with his backers, Billy Carroll and John Franklin.

Both fights between Coburn and Mace were barneys. The first time they met was at Fort Dover, Can., May 11, 1871. The money up was \$2,000 a side. They faced each other for one hour and seventeen minutes without striking a blow, and then the High Sheriff appeared and put an end to the proceedings. The referee ordered the men to fight at Kansas City June 2 of the same year, but Coburn refused to be governed by this decision, failed to appear, and the stakes were awarded to Mace. Harry Hill, however, who held the money, refused to give it up, as the referee acted in opposition to the rules. So a fresh fight was arranged, this time for \$1,000 a side. Bay St. Louis, Miss., was named as the place for this meeting, and November 30 it took place. That it was to be a barney was known far and wide before the date of the meeting. Billy Carroll received word early that there was to be no fair fight, and so did not attend. Others were given as friendly a tip. The local sporting men of New Orleans and vicinity, however, were taken in. Coburn and Mace's plan was to have the meeting take place late in the afternoon. They were to fight a couple of hours, doing some pretty work, but no hard hitting, and then, when dusk came, the referee was to call it a draw. But there was a hitch in the proceedings. Instead of getting in the ring late they got in early.

The rain was falling and it took them three hours and thirty-eight minutes to fight eleven rounds. At the end of that time Mace was in the center of the ring and Coburn in his corner, which he refused to leave. Tom Kelly, Mace's second, ordered the latter to go in and force the fighting, but Mace would not do this, claiming that his left, his fighting hand, was injured. At last the referee tired of the miserable exhibition, got inside the ropes and declared the fight a draw. That night Mace and Coburn were seen chatting pleasantly together, and their meeting of the day was denounced all around as a put-up job. They made thousands off the excursion money, which they divided.

The fight between Allen and McCooole, which took place Sept. 23, 1873, and which Allen won in nine rounds in 20 minutes, may be mentioned here for the reason that it came just before the Hogan-Allen fiasco of the same year. Hogan and Allen's attempts to get on a mill was when they hired a steamer to take an excursion to the place of meeting. The boat had to cut loose from her moorings before a full head of steam was up to escape a lot of hoodlums who were pelting her with stones. She floated to the East St. Louis side, where the police boarded the boat and arrested the principals together with their seconds. They were all lodged in the East St. Louis City Hall. Arthur Chambers escaped on the day of his arrest and stole a ride to St. Louis by hiding himself under hay in a farmer's wagon. The rest all escaped punishment. This was not the end of Hogan and Allen, however. They arranged to fight their match out in Iowa, near Omaha and soon there was an excursion booked for that point. Arthur Chambers and Patsy Shepherd were Allen's seconds and their man had it all his own way from the start. Near the end of the seventh round Allen hit Hogan a blow which made the latter fluster about like a hen with its head cut off and which seemed to knock all the fight out of him. The next moment 100 guns were leveled at Tom Riley, the referee's head and he was requested to decide the fight in favor of Hogan.

Jack Looney, who was umpire for Allen, took Riley by the sleeve and said: "Be a gentleman, and don't decide this question now." Then, looking at the guns, Jack said to the holders: "You wouldn't shoot." There was no decision and no shooting. Upon the train Riley, who held the excursion money, was compelled to divide it equally between the opposing factions. At Omaha Jim Eagan, of the fighting party, was arrested, but soon released. None of the others were molested. So ended the last of the barneys in that section, and the last fight that the St. Louis sports, from that day until this, had anything to do with.



BENJAMIN HOLDSWORTH,

BIGAMIST; ELOPED WITH A YOUNG WOMAN
FROM PARSONS, PA.

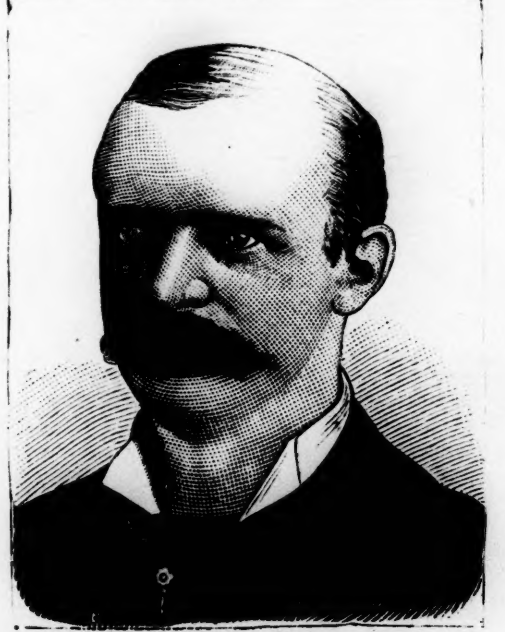
George Fulljames.

In this week's issue we present our readers with a portrait of George Fulljames, the noted pugilist of Toronto, Canada. Fulljames was born in London, Eng., Feb. 13, 1852. He stands 5 feet 4½ inches in height and weighs when in condition 122 pounds. He has posted a forfeit with the POLICE GAZETTE and states that he is ready to fight Jack King, of Troy, N. Y., or any man in the world at 124 pounds for \$500 or \$1,000. Fulljames is considered one of the most scientific light-weight pugilists in the world. In England he fought Mouse Olwright twice. The police stopped the first



GEORGE FULLJAMES,

OF TORONTO, LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE DOMINION.

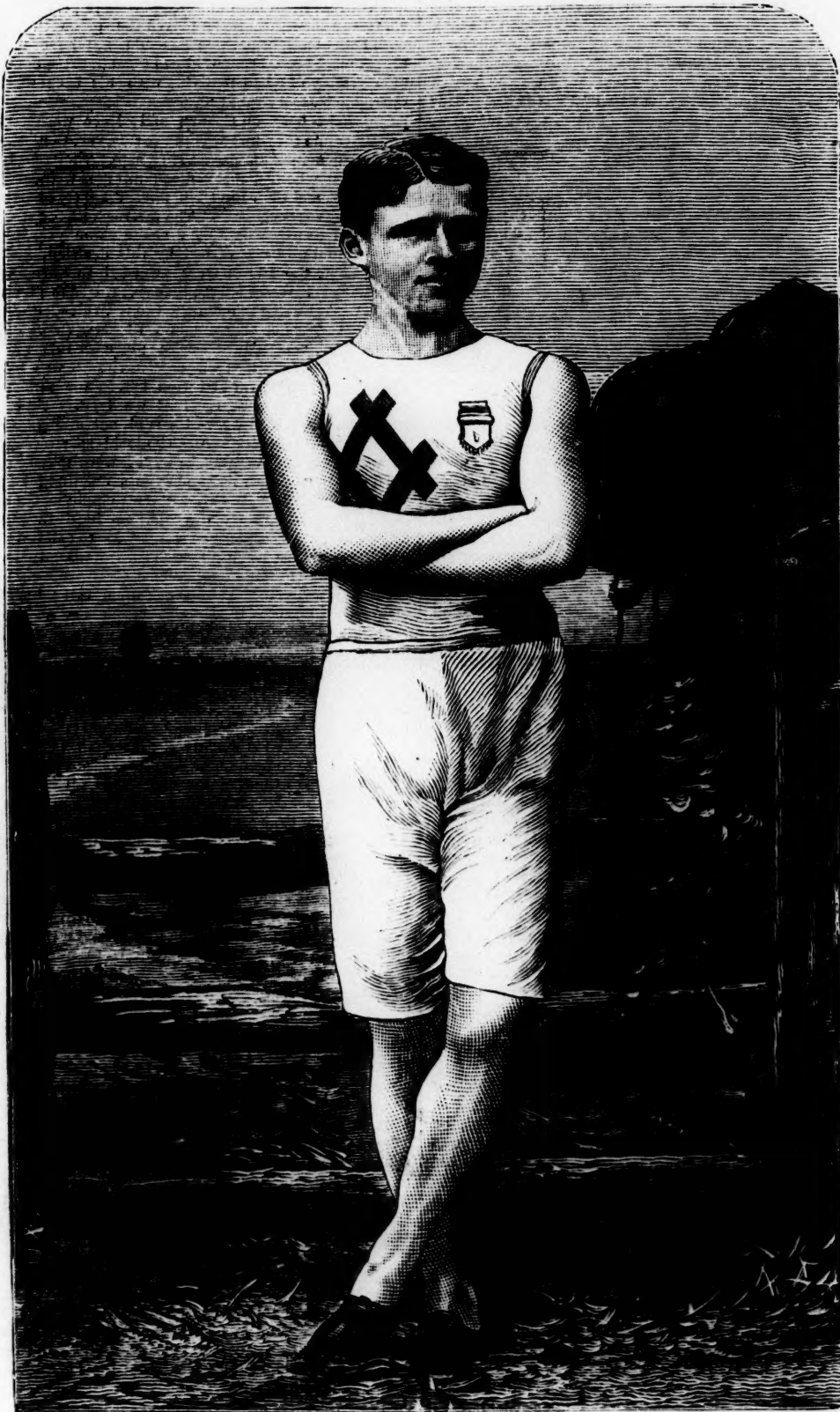


B. A. BISSELL,

THE DRUGGIST CHAMPION "MASHER" OF
DENVER, COL.

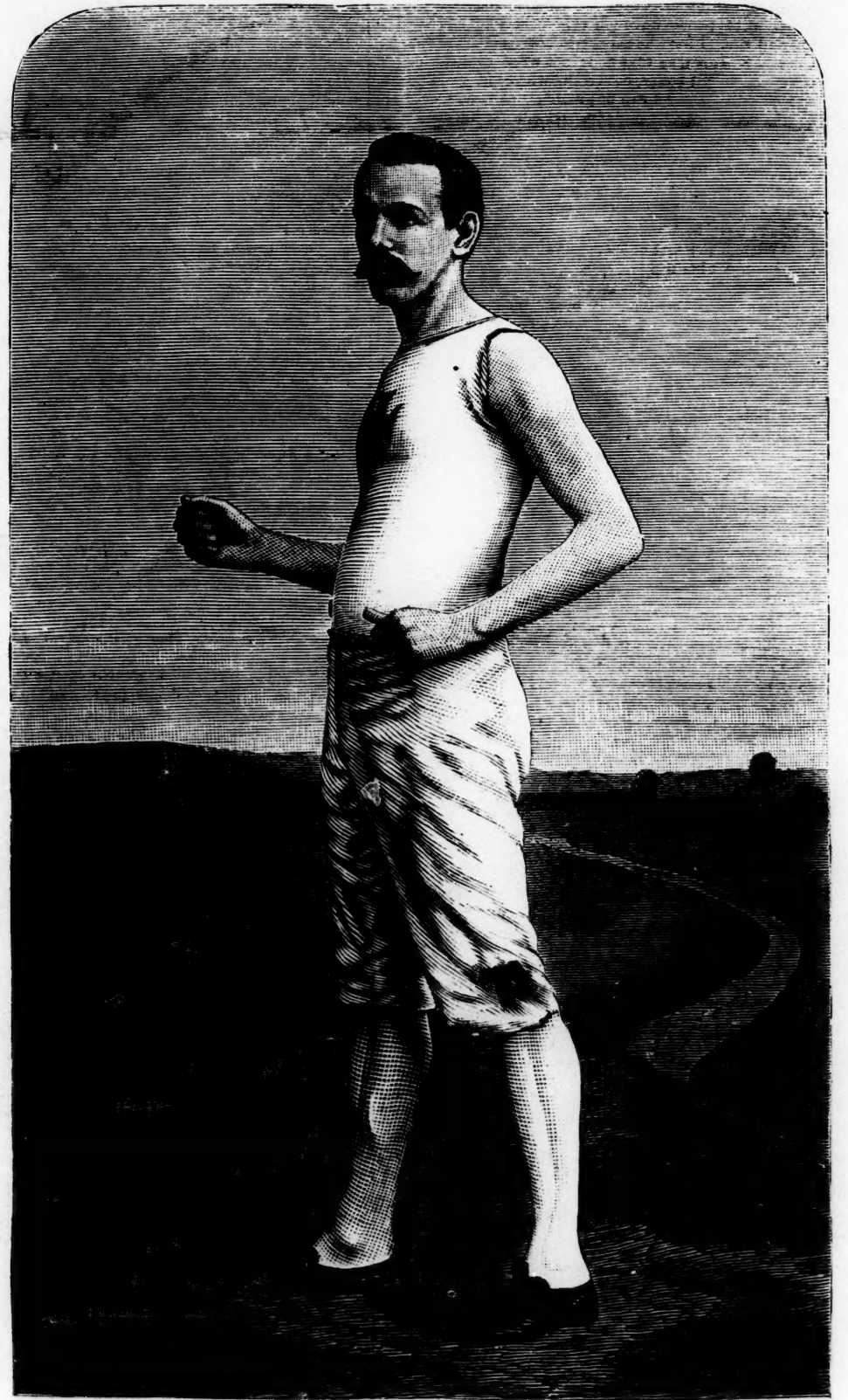
battle after the pugilists had fought 45 minutes. The stakes were increased and they fought again when Fulljames won after one hour and thirty minutes' desperate fighting. He then fought a draw with Young Cousins, better known as "Jacko," in one hour and forty five minutes, and he defeated young Glover in thirty-five minutes.

Since he has been in this country he has defeated young Collins in thirty-seven minutes, fought a draw with Jack King, of Troy, N. Y., which lasted one hour and twenty minutes, and a draw with Frank White in New York. Fulljames is very popular, and has a host of admirers who are ready to back him against any light-weight pugilist.



HARRY FREDRICKS,

ONE MILE CHAMPION RUNNER.



E. E. MERRILL,

CELEBRATED AMATEUR WALKER.

POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FAMOUS SPORTING MEN.

A Boy Assassin and His Accomplices.

A good piece of work was that performed by Inspector Byrnes, of New York City, and his detectives in running down the gang of dangerous young burglars, who were concerned in the murder of Louis Hanier, the French saloon-keeper of 144 West 26th street. The inspector and his men worked against every disadvantage to trace the guilty parties



ROBERT MORRISSEY,

ONE OF THE GANG OF BOY BURGLARS WHO MURDERED LOUIS HANIER; N. Y. CITY.



"COFFEE,"

THE TERROR OF THE CANYON OF YOUNGS SPRINGS, ARIZONA.



MORRIS SIMON,

THE CHICAGO MERCHANT WHO WAS COWHIDED FOR SLANDERING A WOMAN.

fully mangled. Inquiry developed the fact that three savage watch-dogs had entered a farm house near by, and in the absence of the mother had dragged the baby from its cradle and torn it to pieces in a savage fight over it.

A Woman, a Clerk and a Cowhide.

Morris Simon, a nephew of Mark Simon, who is a member of the firm of Mendel, Simon & Son, of No. 477 South Clark street, made some



THOMAS MORAN,

ACCOMPLICE OF THE BOY MCGLOIN IN BURG-LARY AND MURDER; N. Y. CITY.

A Baby Eaten by Dogs.

As a man was passing along the road leading by the cemetery at Iowa City, Ia., on the 7th inst., he was passed by a dog running at the top of its speed across the country. The savage

brute dropped the load it was carrying along at the feet of the pedestrian. To his horror he found it was the naked and yet warm remains of an infant. The arms and legs were missing and the head and body had been fright-



A BABY EATEN BY DOGS.

AN INFANT TORN TO PIECES IN THE PRESENCE OF ITS MOTHER, AND THE REMAINS CARRIED OFF BY THE SAVAGE BRUTES; IOWA CITY, IA.



MICHAEL MCGLOIN

MURDERER OF LOUIS HANIER, THE FRENCH WINE MERCHANT; NEW YORK CITY.



THOMAS BANFIELD,

IMPlicated WITH THE BOY MCGLOIN IN THE LOUIS HANIER MURDER.



HAZING A DOCTOR.

A PARTY OF STUDENTS OUT FOR A LARK HANG A DOCTOR UP IN A BUTCHER'S SHOP AND SKIN HIM OF HIS CLOTHES; WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

from the 30th of December, when the crime was committed, and by the 1st of February had the whole gang in prison, and so enmeshed in proofs of their guilt that there was not a chance left for their escape. Having thus fairly won the \$500 reward for the apprehension of the murderer, Inspector Byrnes and his men turned it over to the widow of the murdered man. The enthusiastic French citizens of New York then started a subscription for a testimonial to the Inspector but he declined it, and suggested that that money, too, should be given to the widow. It will be remembered by the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE that Louis Hanier was shot on the night of the 30th of December while descending the staircase in his residence to investigate the cause of the noise made by the burglars while robbing his store. The young man Michael McGloin rushed to the foot of the stairs and shot him dead, and then fled with his companions. The youngsters Thomas Moran, Robert Morrissey and Thomas Banfield, were arrested with him four weeks after as his comrades and accessories in not only the robbery but the murder as well.



A HARROWING SCENE.

HOW A TAUNTON, MASS., FARMER DISCIPLINED A DAUGHTER WHO WANTED TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND FOR HERSELF.

very disparaging remarks in regard to Miss Celia Bellman, among them allegations reflecting on the young woman's reputation for chastity. These remarks reached her ears, and very naturally aroused her to a high pitch of indignation. Before proceeding to extreme measures, however, she wrote to a brother-in-law in Cincinnati, who replied to the letter in person. Arrived there, he secured the aid of two or three friends, who taking with them Miss Bellman and her sister, armed with cowhides, proceeded to hunt up the traducer. They found him in his uncle's store on Franklin street, and the matinee began. The men formed a ring around young Simon to give the girls a fair chance and to prevent any of his friends from interfering with the sport. The infliction was severe, and came with such suddenness and fury that he was entirely unable to protect himself, and could only dance about in the circle and howl, dodging here and there to avoid punishment. Finally some one opened a door for him; he made a frantic dash through the cordon of his persecutors; reached the street; made rapid time down the nearest alley, and has not been seen since.

SPORTING NEWS.

NOW READY!

And Don't You Miss It.

For full history of the life and adventures of John L. Sullivan, champion of the world, and of his late opponent, Paddy Ryan, and large portraits of both, see "The History of the Prize Ring," which also contains a complete chronological history of all the championship and other fights in America, with many portraits and illustrations never before published. By mail, 30 cents.

RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William street, New York.

OSCAR WILDE is a clever boxer.

HANLAN says he will win easy.

HARLEM LANE hotel keepers are happy.

W. C. FRANCE proposes to sell all trotters.

ALL the boys are home from New Orleans.

MAUD S. is to be matched against St. Julian.

HUGHES is to ride Babcock in the Kentucky Derby.

JEM MACE has met with several financial reverses.

BARNEY AARON has his shingle out as a prophet.

DOONEY HARRIS wears a sunflower in his hat for luck.

BEN HOGAN, a bad fighter, makes a worse example.

PETER RAVENHALL exhibits a bull dog which has three eyes.

RICHARD EGAN, of Troy, is said to be anxious to fight Sullivan.

DAN O'LEARY is walking in New Orleans. He may walk home.

MAUD S. is now looking better than ever, so says Captain Stone.

ALBERT FREY, the boy pool player, says he can beat Sam Knight.

CAPT. M. STOBBS, the Arkansas crack shot, is to challenge Bogardus.

LON MORRIS found more than his match in Maggill at New Orleans.

They are playing base ball in New Orleans, Havana and San Francisco.

SEXTON is said to have made some phenomenal runs in private recently.

BRANDON L. KEYS has been elected Commodore of the Schuylkill Navy.

THE Dwyer Brothers have determined to tackle the turtles of England.

FOWLER, pitcher for the Pickwick Club of New Orleans, is a colored man.

GEN. ABE BUFORD has retired from the turf and joined the Methodist church.

THIRTEEN students are to train for the Yale nine of 1892—an unlucky number.

A WHITE kitten and a tub visit Foxhall in his stall and frequently sleep on his back.

THE Hillsdale crew of the National Amateur Oarsman Association, will be sent to England.

DAILY, the one-armed pitcher, has signed a contract with the Buffalo Base Ball Association.

DURING the last year Commodore Kitchin, of St. Paul, has invested over \$200,000 in horse flesh.

FOR the spring handicaps Mr. P. Lorillard has forty-nine entries and Mr. J. R. Keene has nine.

BILLY DWYER says that Sullivan is the first fighter with big hands who ever amounted to anything.

ON March 11 the amateur boxing and wrestling championship meeting is to be held at Tammany Hall.

EX-ASSEMBLYMAN IRVING is said to be one of the best judges of horseflesh who frequent Harlem Lane.

THE statement that Bryan Campbell, the pugilist, has opened a sporting house in Leadville is contradicted.

WHEN Talmage was a wild young man he was very handy with the gloves, so an old schoolmate alleges.

MIKE CLEARY, the popular middle-weight pugilist, has opened a sporting house at No. 815 Vine st., Philadelphia.

VOLUNTEER is twenty-eight years old and Gen. Knox is twenty-seven. They are the oldest living trotting sires.

It has been ascertained that the horses Shyllock and Cloverbrook who recently died in Virginia, were poisoned.

DAN O'LEARY has been challenged to a seventy hours walk by J. L. Downey and P. Dale, of Nashville, Tenn.

GEORGE ROOKE and Prof. McClellan are still talking fight, but there is no immediate prospect of their coming together.

PHIL DUFFY claims that he has a horse which will next season beat any record yet made on the Sheepshead Bay track.

WILLIAM S. FLICK, who claims to be the champion sculler of Philadelphia, offers to row any man in that city for the title.

FRED PLAISTED wants to row Wm. Elliot of England for from \$500 to \$1,000. He would also like to have Trickett join them.

THE Louisiana Jockey Club have decided not to raise their scale of weights, as their meeting takes place so early in the year.

THE Rochester Drying Park Association has decided to offer another \$10,000 purse, free to all stallions, to be trotted July 4.

THE St. Louis Kennel Club has sold two of its pointers, viz. Jessamine and Clytie. The first named for \$200, the second for \$150.

THE owner of the pacer Little Brown Jug, Mr. H. V. Bemis, says he would like to match his wonder for \$1,000 against St. Julian.

ON June 3 the Missouri Derby will be run. No admission will be charged to the field, an announcement which excites comment.

DR. CARVER declines to meet Bogardus on this side of the Atlantic. The Doctor is making too much money in England to leave.

ENGLISH post office authorities are trying the experiment of supplying postmen in country districts with bicycles and tricycles.

JIM GIDDINGS is trying to bring about a grand cocking main between New York and Philadelphia. Jim is a veteran cock fighter.

AN uptown sport has announced his intention of backing Holden in case George Fulljames can be induced to fight the little Englishman.

JAY GOULD has given an agent orders to secure, if possible, a team which will enable him to throw dust in the eyes of Vanderbilt's trotters.

WALTON, the "plunger," has given an order for the purchase of fifty Norman horses which he intends to use in his street cleaning operations.

OWNEY GEOGHEGAN is frequently mistaken for a clergyman and contemplates raising a mustache for the purpose of saving himself from annoyance.

DICK HOLLYWOOD, ex-champion feather-weight, is still looking for an antagonist who will fight him at 112 pounds for from \$1,000 to \$2,000 a side.

GEORGE ENGEMAN of the Brighton Beach track has opened a handsomely furnished sporting house on the corner of Jay and Willoughby streets, Brooklyn.

PROF. NERSCHE, of the Missouri gymnasium, St. Louis, has challenged Andre Christol to wrestle him in the German style, which does not permit neck holds.

THE American trotters Kitty and Blaze, now in England, were recently matched for \$250 a side to trot a dash of three miles on a turnpike. Blaze won in 10:07.

A. M. BURNHAM, of Newton, Mass., a member of the fire department of that place, invariably rides to fires on his bicycle. He is generally ahead of his engine.

MR. WALDEN, owner of the Middleburg Stock Farm, says that owing to the death of Harold he will breed most of his mares to Warwick, by Leamington, and Tom Ochiltree.

THERE were foaled in Great Britain in 1881, according to the official thoroughbred list, 898 colts and 1,014 fillies. There were 753 barren mares and 101 slipped their foals.

OWING to high floods, the spring running meeting at Nashville has been abandoned. The race course is covered with water and the buildings and stables have been swept away.

IN consideration of \$1,000 H. D. McKinney, Janesville, Wis., has sold his black gelding Bounce, by Swigert, and chestnut gelding Bounce, by Indicator, to J. A. Rice, of the Tremont House, Chicago.

THE racing season at Brighton Beach, Coney Island, will commence on May 30—Decoration Day—and there will be racing three days a week, the amount in purses to be hung up aggregating about \$75,000.

THE new yacht Jewell has been placed on the ways at Stapleton, Staten Island, for the purpose of having two tons of lead added to her keel. She is another yacht that is booked to sail the Madge next season.

A CURIOSITY in the shape of a racing greyhound has reached San Francisco. It is claimed that he can turn a hare at a race and he shows no disposition to gallop. He is to be matched against a racing horse.

THE trotting stallion Ashland Chief, which died recently at Athens, Ky., was twenty-four years old. During the late war he was stolen by a soldier who did not know the difference between a car horse and a trotter.

CORCORAN, of the Chicago; Galvin, of the Buffalo; Weaver, of the Athletics, and Reccius of the Eclipse Club, of Louisville, were the only pitchers who last year retired their nine opposing batters without a hit.

JENNINGS' Unknown, of Chicago, challenges any heavy weight colored pugilist to contend for the POLICE GAZETTE champion medal. It is said Jennings' mysterious individual is Brown, the veteran colored pugilist.

THE wonderful Hungarian mare Kincsem produced her first foal, a filly by Buccaneer, on New Year's Day in a railroad car, while on a journey. Kincsem has won more successive races than any other race-horse.

HOLDEN and White do not appear to have suffered any serious injury by reason of their imprisonment in Ohio. Both say that they are in good health and ready to battle again. They propose to give Ohio a wide berth.

HUTCHINS & PRYOR, of Boston, are building twin cat-boats which are to measure 18 feet 6 inches on the water line, 22 feet over all, and 8 feet beam. The builders contemplate naming them the "Aesthetic" and "Oscar Wilde."

THE Fashion Stud farm at Trenton, N. J., comprises 365 acres. It has a mile track, and the stock on the farm is valued at \$250,000. Among the brood mares on the farm are Goldsmith Maid, Lucy, Lady Maud and Western Girl.

THE turf congress of the National Trotting Association, will be held February 8, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, N. Y. The National Trotting Association guards a property estimated at close on to \$200,000,000, and its doings are therefore of great importance to turfmen.

THE following is the latest London betting on the Derby to be run on May 24: Bruce, 6 to 1; Gerald, 15 to 2; Troit, 100 to 7; Dutch Oven, 100 to 7; Marden, 20 to 1; Little Sitter, 30 to 1; Shrewsbury, 30 to 1; Southampton, 45 to 1; Antarctic, 50 to 1; Golden Gate, 50 to 1.

GENERAL HARDING, the well-known Tennessee turfman, favors the thoroughbred for almost every use to which a horse can be put. He is credited with saying that the best and most durable plow-horse he ever owned was a thoroughbred, and the best, most active and durable saddle-horse was a blood horse.

MR. W. P. BALCH has doubled the amount of the purse for the stallion race which he announces to take place at Mystic Park in connection with the double-team race and Smuggler exhibition in June. The winner is to receive \$2,500, second, \$700, third, \$500, and fourth, \$300. An entrance of five per cent will be charged.

MIKE DONOVAN, the famous middle-weight, has a man who will fight Mike Cleary, of Philadelphia, for \$2,000. The money will be put up at the Police

GAZETTE office at any time Cleary desires to cover it. The Philadelphia learned all he knows about boxing under the tutelage of Donovan, and the latter does not wish to fight his own pupils.

COMMODORE E. C. NEAL of the Lynn Yacht Club has his centre-board sloop yacht Magic in winter quarters at Kennebunk. She is being largely rebuilt by having the sides hipped out six inches each, giving her one foot more beam. The rudder post will be carried aft fourteen inches, and a long overhanging stern will take the place of the V stern. It is the owner's intention to challenge the Scotch cutter Madge at an early day.

GEORGE L. SCHUYLER, the surviving donor, has given the American Cup to the New York Yacht Club. It is to be the property of the club, and not of any yacht winning it. The new deed of the gift prescribes that it can be contended for only by yachts of regularly organized clubs, American or foreign, between 30 and 3.0 tons, custom-house measurement; no vessel to contend which has been previously defeated in a match therefor.

J. L. DOWNEY and Pat Dale, of Nashville, Tenn., have challenged Daniel O'Leary. The former wants to walk 24 hours for \$250, 48 hours for \$500 and 72 hours for \$1,000, the winner to have all the gate money. The latter is desirous of competing with O'Leary in a go-as-you-please contest and does not confine his challenge to O'Leary alone but leaves it open to the world.

COMMODORE R. H. WEST of the Corinthian Yacht Club, which was lately organized in New York, visited Boston last week and purchased the sloop yacht Lena, owned by the Kimball Brothers, of Chelsea. Her dimensions are: 30 feet over all, 11 feet beam, and 6 feet draught. She was built in 1876 by Wood Brothers, of East Boston for Mr. Fred Clayton. Mr. West will have an iron shoe put on by Wood Brothers, and also a new mast.

ARTHUR CHAMBERS, the ex-light-weight champion pugilist, in reply to a challenge from Sam Collyer, says: "If Collyer wishes to spar me I am willing to accommodate him almost anywhere at any time, any number of rounds, under any kind of rules, and he, Collyer, can have the entire proceeds of such an exhibition. I mean this for Mr. Collyer and do not care to be bothered with challenges or newspaper controversies from other sources."

THERE is some talk of electing Col. David Murphy to the position of Vice-president of the St. Louis Sportsman's Club, the place filled by Mr. W. W. Judy. The latter wants to retire on account of lack of time to attend to the duties of the position. Col. Murphy knows the good and bad points of every ball player on the diamond, is a strict disciplinarian and one who could do more than any other to make the St. Louis Club the leader in the American Association.

THE London Sporting Life says: "We are authorized to state that a gentleman having seen Raby's challenge to walk any man in the world from one to eight miles, will match an unknown to walk him one mile, level, for \$300 a side. The unknown is an American and the gentleman would be willing to make the stakes less providing Raby will allow reasonable expenses for crossing the Atlantic. A match can be ensured by Raby sending a deposit to the Sporting Life office."

THE four prominent candidates for the Kentucky Derby are Runnymede, Ballard, Bengal and Babcock, and yet an outsider may win. Katie Creel and Beatrice are fancied for the Kentucky Oaks. Luke Blackburn and Hindoo attract attention in the Louisville Cup. The son of Bonnie Scotland may not stand the preparation while Hindoo will very likely start the favorite. Mendelssohn, who had a very bad quarter-crack last year, is now doing well and is likely to prove dangerous in cup contests.

ONE hundred and ninety-seven American horses started in races in England, France and Ireland last year. The races won were thirty-two in number, viz. seven by Iroquois, five each by Foxhall and Susquehanna, three by Aristocrat, two each by Passaic and Brakespear, and one each by Glen Jordis, Wallenstein, Gerald, Golden Gate, Marshal McDonald, Dakota, Mistake and Boreas. The total amount of their actual winnings, not including their second or third money, was within a few shillings of £31,645.

JOHN J. DWYER, ex-champion pugilist of America, is now in Florida with a constitution utterly broken down and so, enfeebled physically that it is stated that he may not live through the spring. The information also comes to us that he is in financial want, and the POLICE GAZETTE therefore appeals to the many friends of the pugilist to stand by him in his hour of need. Richard K. Fox starts the POLICE GAZETTE's subscription list for the relief of Johnny Dwyer with a subscription of twenty-five dollars. Subscriptions sent to this office will be duly acknowledged in these columns.

HOLDEN, the pugilist, who was arrested and imprisoned in Ohio with Frank White, is something of a humorist. To a representative of the GAZETTE he said, when asked how he was treated when in jail.

"Splendidly. We had three kinds of pie every day, and the ladies of the city used to send us bouquets every morning. We gave away many locks of our hair until we had nothing but the roots left, then we began to write verses in our lady admirers' albums. The people of Ohio were very sorry when we left, and the Legislature passed a complimentary lot of resolutions which are to be engrossed and sent on to us."

"Do you return to Ohio?"

"Well, not to-day—some other day. I'd rather eat snow-balls in New York than pound cake in Ohio."

REGARDING the proposed pigeon-shooting match in England, between Dr. Carver and Adam Bogardus, the latter says the fact that two Americans, each claiming to be the champion wing shot of the world, each holding a trophy said to be the emblem of championship, and both proposing to contest for the championship of the world in a foreign country, when they can do so much more satisfactorily in their own land, presents an anomaly which induces him to make another proposition. He says: "I shall, during the month of May, 1882, offer a trophy representing the championship of the world at wing shooting, at 100 birds, 30 yards' rise, Hurlingham rules, which will be open to the world, and of which contest sufficient notice will be given to enable contestants from every portion of the civilized world to compete. I shall enter for the trophy myself, and trust that Dr. Carver will be found among those contesting for this championship upon American soil. At the same time I shall offer a trophy for the championship at double birds and at glass balls, making a three days' shoot, and I shall endeavor to make the conditions such that representative wing-shots from all portions of the world shall be present."

JOHN ENNIS has on several occasions distinguished himself as a skater, and by his admirers is believed to be the best in the country. His friends as

well as himself will doubtless read the following with interest: At the Manhattan athletic grounds (Windsor skating rink), Boston, January 25, S. J. Montgomery, of the Elite Skating Circle beat the best fifty-mile skating record, that of Rudolf Goetz, of Milwaukee, who made the distance in 4 hours, 24 minutes, 43 1-2 seconds. The course was an eighth of a mile in circuit. The ice was firm and tolerably smooth, except in two spots on the upper turn. Weather comfortably warm, with no wind—as favorable as could be for such an undertaking. The first mile was skated in 4 minutes, 21 seconds, and five miles in 23 minutes, 10 seconds. Twenty-five miles were skated in 2 hours, 5 minutes, and at the twenty-ninth mile Montgomery spurred and went around the track at a rate that astonished the on-lookers. Montgomery, who is the embodiment of physical strength, shoulders broad, hips narrow, chest well developed, legs corded with muscle and wind perfect, passed one after another of the skaters who accompanied him by turns, and finished his fifty miles in 4 hours, 13 minutes, 36 seconds, beating the record over 10 minutes, and showing up in excellent form.

THE great double team event of next June for the Balch prize of \$10,000 is causing no end of speculation all over the country, and many are the reports and predictions as to the probable result. Scores of the fastest horses are mentioned as possible and probable team mates, and among other rumors is the one that Mr. Bonner will hitch Rarus and Dick Swiveller together and enter them for the race, with John Murphy to drive. Among the other horses mentioned as pairs that would trot fast and well together are Commodore Kittson's bay team So-So and Lady Rolf, each sixteen hands; the Philadelphia team, Mollie and Nigger Baby, whose owner recently offered to bet \$1,000 that if his horses started they would win the first purse; Wedgewood and Parana, Florence and John Grant, William H. and Midnight, the Cleveland fast team; Mill Boy and Blondine, the speedy little pair owned by Mr. John Shepard, and Clingstone and Hattie Woodward. Mr. Balch has determined to add an extra feature to the day's sport. He will offer a gold cup, to cost \$2,000, leaving it optional with the winners to take a cup or money, open for all trotting stallions, mile heats, best three in five in harness, exacting no entrance fee. This liberal offer ought to attract nearly all the stallions entered for last year's stallion races, as well as Pilgrim, Hardwood, Alcantara and other fast ones not yet known to the public.

JEM MACE, the retired pugilist, is at present 51 years old and is making a good living in Australia. Not long ago, his courage having been called in question, he caused the publication of a letter in a Melbourne paper in which he said: "A cosmopolitan in the last issue of Sportsman challenges me to assert that I ever challenged Heenan or Sayers. Now, sir, I do assert that I challenged both. The facts of the case are these: Sayers and Heenan after their great contest in 1880 travelled together with a circus in the United Kingdom. After their circus tour Heenan returned to America and I came forward and issued a challenge to fight any man in the world. Heenan, seeing the challenge, stated in the papers that he would meet me at Owen Swift's Horseshoe Inn, Tichborne street, London. The time he stated to meet me was about twelve months after the fight. I met Heenan and he refused, on what grounds I am not aware of. Sayers was also present and said that if Heenan would not make a match he would fight me. I stated that I thought Sayers had retired from the ring but I was willing to fight him first for any sum from £100 to £1,000 and Heenan three months afterward for a similar amount but they both refused. My backers, Messrs. Moss Phillips and Richardson, were present and offered to put up any sum required for a deposit." A few days later Mace received a present of an elegant belt of Australian gold valued at \$2,500, the presentation being made at the Royal Theatre, Melbourne.

THE entries for the coming six-days' go-as-you-please match at Madison Square Garden were closed on the 8th. The contestants will be: Rowell, Vint, Panchot, Noremac, P. J. Fitzgerald, John Sullivan, John Hughes, George Hazael and W. H. Scott. Now that the match between Ryan has been settled the principal topic of interest is the coming race. Most of the men who have entered for the race are pedestrians possessed of great powers of endurance, and for this reason the contest will undoubtedly be a stubborn one. The best records of the men are as follows:

Rowell, 566 miles 63 yards in 141h. 39m. 8s.
Vint, 578 miles 605 yards in 141h.
Panchot, 541 miles 825 yards in 141h. 45m. 35s.
Noremac, 565 miles 485 yards in 141h. 20m. 50s.
Fitzgerald, 582 miles 55 yards in 141h. 58m. 15s.
Sullivan, 569 miles in 141h. 12m.
Hughes, 568 miles 825 yards in 141h. 25m. 50s.
Hazael, 494 miles 888 yards in 139h. 4m. 50s.
Scott, 505 miles—he claims.

At Woods' Athletic Grounds, Williamsburgh, a representative of the POLICE GAZETTE found Hazael training. The pedestrian appeared to be in fine condition, and in response to the questions put to him said:

"What do I think about the race? Well, I think it will be a bloody hot 'un. You needn't be surprised to see 600 miles done. If I feel as well on the start as I do now I'll do 600 myself."

"Rowell appears to be the favorite!" suggested the reporter.

Hazael winked knowingly as he remarked: "Charley is a tough 'un but he's been very lucky at the same time. I guess he'll have to do better this time than he ever did before."

"Who do you think will take first money?"

"If I don't take it I'll eat your hat!" exclaimed the pedestrian with great earnestness.

Thanking Hazael for his kind offer, the reporter sought little Vint—the Midget. Said he:

"Rowell isn't going to be the first man in the race if I'm alive on the last day of the match. If I didn't think I could beat him I wouldn't have entered. I'm in first class trim, and if necessary I'll cover 600 miles. If Rowell isn't beaten I'm afraid the public will get sick of pedestrianism."

John Hughes, who made his great record as the representative of the POLICE GAZETTE, when questioned, replied: "Come up and see me win first place. It's my opinion that you'll see the greatest race that was ever made in the world."

"How is it that Frank Hart is not entered for the match?"

"I don't know for certain, but I heard that he could only get \$500 to put up."

Rowell, when seen, looked the picture of health and good nature. He was modest, as usual, and would not say more than that he hoped to win another victory. "I may have to cover more ground than I ever did, but I guess I can do it if I am pushed. There are several good men in the race, and it won't be a walk-over for the winner."

It is very generally conceded by sporting men that if Rowell wins again, public interest in go-as-you-please contests will terminate.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher,
183 William Street, N. Y.

SPORTING.

- A. F. N. Y.—Yes.
W. B. H., Austin, Tex.—No.
J. R., Milwaukee, Wis.—No.
CHAS. FREEMAN, Hebron, Ind.—No such book published.
DONALD, Chicago, Ill.—1. Billiard cues were first used in 1820. 2. No.
J. G. N. Y. City.—Any citizen of the United States under sixty years of age.
M. W., Potsville, Pa.—Johnny McGlade the pugilist, was killed in San Francisco, Cal.
F. L. St. Louis, Mo.—Write to the Turn Verein Association in this city for particulars.
J. K., Albany, N. Y.—Send on \$1.50 and we will send you a book explaining the matter.
H. W., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The Rowell-Panchot-Vint six day race commences on Feb. 27.
G. A. Moss, Stoughtonville, Mo.—We can forward you two pair on receiving P. O. money order for \$16.
FERIDA, New York.—1. Iroquois is the best in our opinion. 2. Spinaway would not stand training.
G. W., Boston, Mass.—1. Dennis Driscoll, of Lynn, Mass., is the champion 25 and 50 mile walker. 2. No.
M. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. Charles Lloyd better known as Cockney Charley, owns Pilot. 2. He is not for sale.
G. S., Shelbyville, Ky.—You win. Neither Pilot or Crib weighed 30 pounds on the day they fought in Kentucky.
W. S., Indianapolis, Ind.—Dick Hollywood resides in this city. 2. No. 3 Hanlan and Boyd row April 3 over the Tyne course.
E. E. G., Uniontown, Pa.—1. Edward Hanlan is the champion. 2. Send 30 cents to this office, and we will mail you his life.
M. W., Boston, Mass.—Wallace Ross never beat Hanlan in a match race. 2. Ross, however, beat Hanlan in the Seakonk regatta, at Providence, R. I.
W. M. J., Redding, Miss.—Heenan and Sayers only fought once and the battle ended in a draw. 2. We can furnish you with a picture of the battle for framing.
SHOULDER HITTER, Fort Brady, Mich.—Hegster, the Oak of the Rhine, weighs 315 pounds. Sullivan, not trained, 201 pounds; in condition, 180 pounds.
L. W., Waverly, N. J.—1. Write to Professor Wood's Gymnasium, 28th street, N. Y. 2. We have not the measurements of either of the wrestlers you name.
H. W., Boston, Mass.—A wins. Harry Kelley, the champion oarsman has had his leg broken twice. 2. In England, June 27, 1873, and last summer at Saratoga.
A. A. H., Michigan.—1. John McMahon defeated Colonel J. H. McLaughlin at Chicago, in a match collar-and-elbow for the championship. 2. No. 3. McMahon is in New Orleans La.
CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati, Ohio.—Mike McCoolle did fight Aaron Jones. 2. He fought Tom Allen twice. 3. Send for the "Champions of the English and American Prize Ring," published by the Police Gazette.
G. D., N. Y. City.—Write to Ned Mallahan care of Wm. H. Dorst, corner of Church and Murray streets. 2. Joe Coburn was sentenced to ten years imprisonment. He receives about three years commutation for good behavior.
F. D. D. GRANT, Indiana Co., Penn.—Ned O'Baldwin was shot in his saloon on West street, N. Y., by his partner, Michael Finnell, on Sept. 27, 1875. 2. He died on Sept. 29, 1875, and was buried at Hollywood Cemetery, Brookline, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Important to Advertisers.
Owing to the large and constantly increasing circulation of the Police Gazette, our rates for advertisements after January 1, 1932, will be 75c. per line, net.
- TO LADIES ONLY.—The wish to be beautiful is predominant in every woman, and none can say she does not care whether she is beautiful or not. Dr. T. F. Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magic Beautifier, elicits a clear, transparent complexion, free from tan, freckles, or moth patches, and so closely imitating nature as to defy detection. It has the highest medical testimony as well as professional celebrities, and on its own merits it has become one of the largest and a popular specialty in the trade. Miss M. B. T. GORAUDE, sole proprietor, 48 Bond Street, New York. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the United States, Canada and Europe.
- Canada Fur Store.—E. Morris & Co.
Beg to notify the Ladies and Madames of New York that they will find at No. 30 East Fourteenth Street, a full assortment of Seal and Otter Skins and Dolmans, Fur lined garments in Squirrel, Ermine, etc. Capes, Muffs, Gauntlets, Children's Furs, Coachman's Capes and Fur trimmings in all its varieties, which for workmanship and finish are unsurpassed in the city.
Repairing, altering and re-dyeing sacques equal to new. Goods warranted as represented.
E. MORRIS.
- Florida and Georgia.—For information about these States read the SAVANNAH MORNING NEWS Weekly (mammoth 8 page sheet) \$2 a year; Daily \$10 a year. The best papers in the South. Samples copies five cents. Address, J. H. ESTILL, Savannah, Ga.
- Lynch's Diamond Store, 925 Broadway,
near 21st Street. The largest and finest assortment of Diamond Ear-rings, Crosses, Studs, Rings, Pink Pearls, Cat's Eyes, Jewels, Silverware, etc., at prices 25 per cent. lower than any other house. Send for Catalogue.
- Judge for Yourself.—If you wish to see the picture of your future husband or wife, with name and date of marriage, give your age, color of eyes and hair and send 35c. money or 40c. postage stamps to W. Fox, box 33, Fultonville, N. Y.
- How to Win at Cards, Dice, etc. A Sure Thing. Sent free to any one. Address, E. F. SUTHERLAND, 65 & 67 Nassau Street, New York City.
- 10 Cents pays for the Star Spangled Banner
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- \$777 a year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, AUGUSTA, Me.
- \$5 to \$20 per day at home. Samples worth \$5 free. Address, STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine.
- \$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. H. HALLITT & CO., Portland Maine.
- \$73 a week. \$12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. THUR & CO., Augusta, Me.
- 50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name loc. Snow & Co., Meriden, Ct.

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The Old Wooden Rucker, corner of Court Street and Hamilton Avenue, Brooklyn, Johnny Bohanna, Proprietor. Don't fail to call at the new and elegantly fitted-up sample room which is the Sportman's retreat. Remember the Old Wooden Rucker is at the corner of Court Street and Hamilton Avenue. Greenwood cars pass the door. The best Wines, Liquors, and Segars furnished at regular market prices.

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